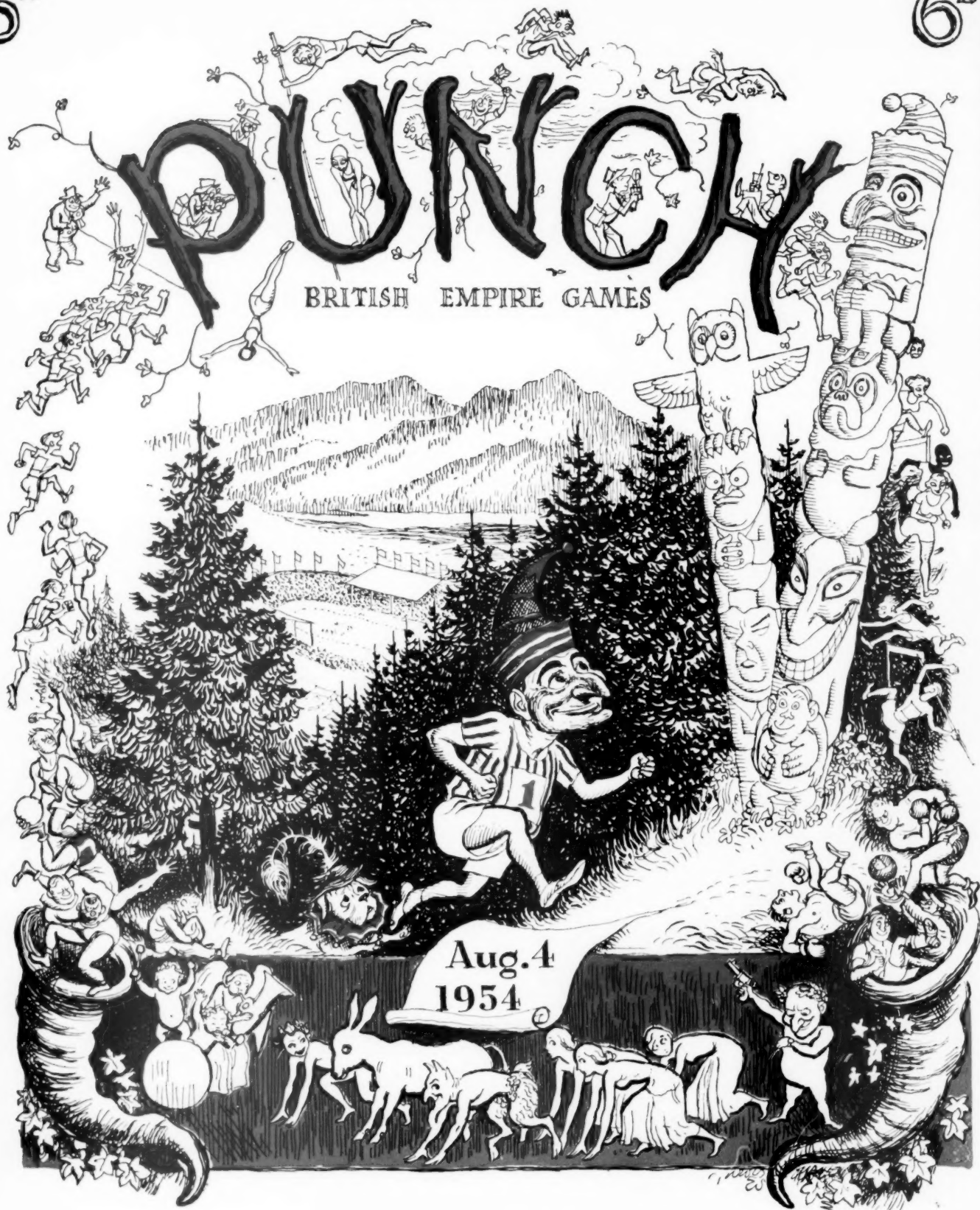


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PUNCH or The London Charivari—August 4 1954

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**Easier**

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**Easier**

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**Easier**

Warming of plates and dishes.



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*Chivers*  
**Olde English**  
*Marmalade*  
with the tender thick-cut peel

Only 1 4/6d. per 1lb. jar and worth much more.

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'Take a shop,' said the Prince, and Mr. Marcovitch, who, a hundred years ago, was making his cigarettes in an obscure room near Piccadilly knew that their excellence had made him famous. Ever since, Marcovitch Cigarettes have been made to the same high standards as won the approval of that Eminent Personage and his friends; they are rolled of the very finest tobacco, for the pleasure of those whose palates appreciate perfection.



*Marcovitch*  
**BLACK AND WHITE**  
cigarettes for Virginia smokers

25 for 5/5

Also **BLACK AND WHITE**  
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Le Mans



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THE CAR DIVISION OF THE BRISTOL AEROPLANE COMPANY  
ENGLAND

Rheims





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That is the question! Whether 'tis nobler to the mind (and the pocket) to suffer the ills and chills of an icy bed, with its attendant troubles, or by using a "WARMABED" to end them—to sleep!

"WARMABED" Electric Blankets are supplied in 100% Pure Wool, in pink, periwinkle blue, honeysuckle or willow green.

3 SIZES: Junior, £4.14.6 Single, £8.10.0  
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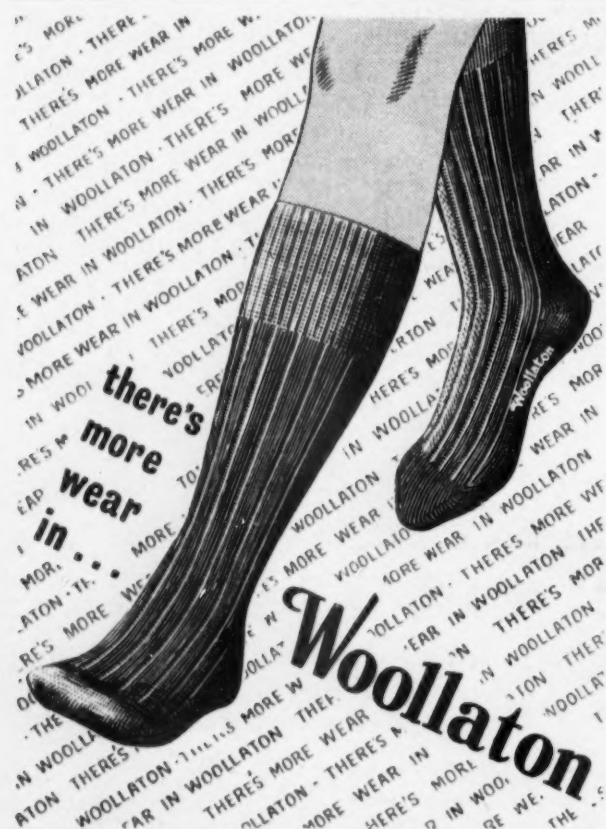
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In case of any difficulty in obtaining locally, write direct for illustrated brochure and address of nearest stockist.

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Wrapped to keep  
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## CLARNICO

It's a wonderful experience to taste these distinguished Clarnico Peppermint Creams. Let your palate linger over their exquisite flavour.

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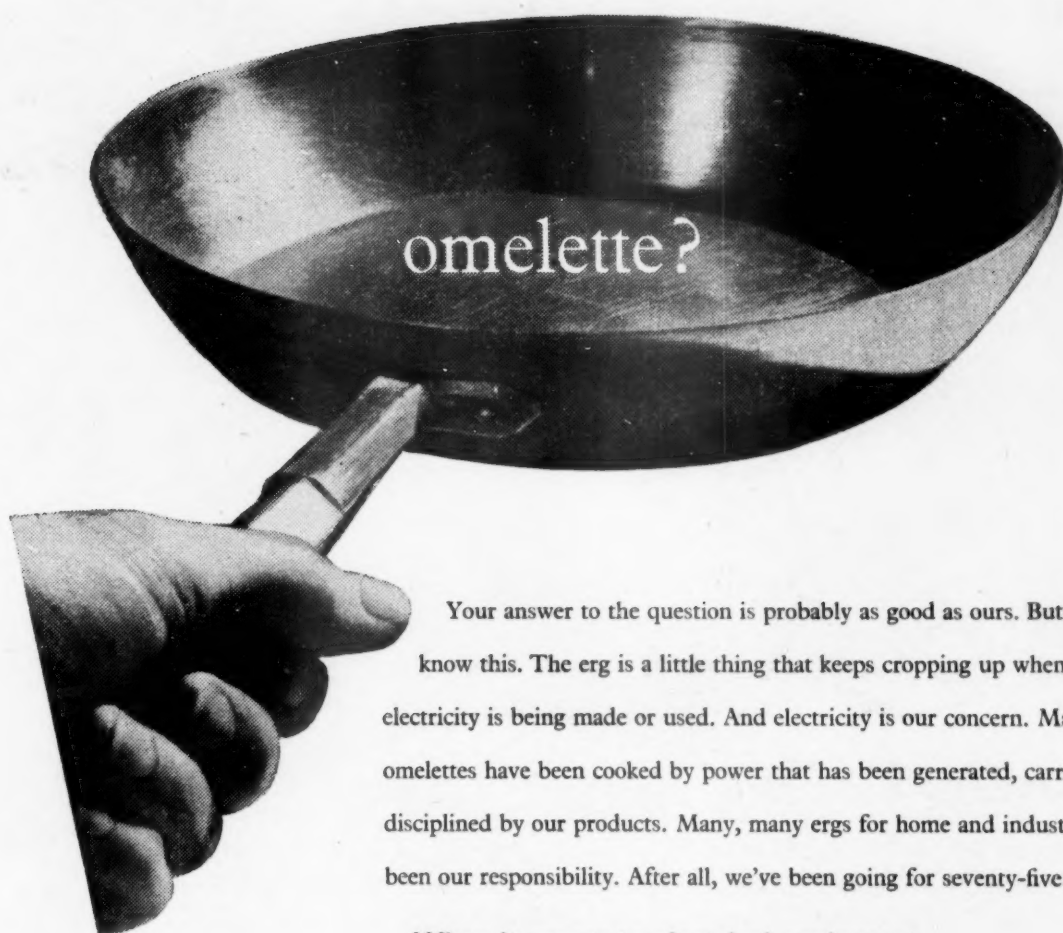
PER HALF POUND  
IN THE GAY  
GREEN-STRIPED BOX  
Also sold loose



CLARNICO LTD., LONDON. Famous for peppermint during six reigns  
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How many  
**ergs\***  
go to make an



Your answer to the question is probably as good as ours. But we do know this. The erg is a little thing that keeps cropping up whenever electricity is being made or used. And electricity is our concern. Many omelettes have been cooked by power that has been generated, carried and disciplined by our products. Many, many ergs for home and industry have been our responsibility. After all, we've been going for seventy-five years.

**When it comes to electrical equipment...**  
**You've got to hand it to**

\*A footnote to remind you that the erg is the measurement of work done by the force of one dyne acting on a body through a distance of one centimetre. Take an erg to the seventh power of ten and you've got a joule, which is the work expended in a second by a current of one ampere flowing through one ohm . . . but why should we let that bother you?

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## Are you a Blithe Spirit –



## or an Anatomy of Melancholy?

Is Shelley your favourite poet? Or do you read Burton's great work when you're feeling depressed? Perhaps, like a former Member of Parliament for Hull (Andrew Marvell, 1620-1678), you sometimes get the impression that old age is creeping up on you faster than you would like ("But at my back I always hear Time's wingèd Chariot hurrying near")?

You're as old as you feel, you know. And you can feel young and gay at any age. Particularly if your physical condition is good. Sparkling Andrews is better than Burton for melancholy. Puts liverishness on the shelf, brings the erring stomach to book. Leaves a pleasant taste in your mouth.

ANDREWS FOR INNER CLEANLINESS

## AUGUST

### THE RIDDLE OF THE SANDS

Some try to do it by standing on one leg and wiggling their spare foot about in the sea. Then they hop, ponderously, a yard or two inland and thrust the foot thus purified into a sock. Provided they do not lose their balance they are soon half-shod. But now they face the even more delicate problem of removing the sand from their remaining toes without wetting the foot which they have just accoutred. A ballet dancer could do it, an acrobat could do it on his head. The average holiday-maker fails.

A more sultanic technique is favoured by those who send small children to fetch water in their little buckets. These citizens carry out their ablutions in comparative comfort; but the buckets represent what planners call an administrative bottleneck, and sometimes, when the tide is out and the children are fractious, this formula will not work. Even when it does, there are still deposits to be removed from between the children's toes.

We are a maritime nation, the heirs of Drake and Frobisher and Nelson. The sea, we are often loosely but emphatically told, is in our blood. How is it, that down the centuries, we have never evolved a satisfactory method of extricating ourselves from this small predicament? Of what flaw in our national character is this failure a symptom? No one knows, and regrettably few care.

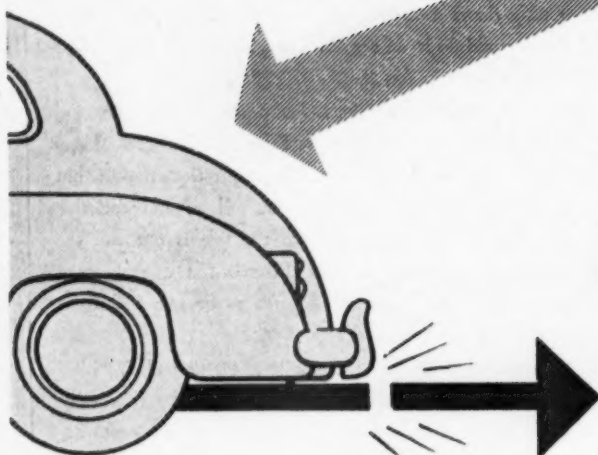


*The Midland Bank prides itself on the help it gives to its customers. Yet it confesses with regret that, among all the many services which the Bank provides for holiday-makers, there is none which solves this riddle of the sands.*

MIDLAND BANK



# In with BP Super



## Out with harmful deposits!

(before they get deposited)

**BP SUPER** plus BP 08 keeps valves, plugs and piston rings cleaner. Run your car on this smooth-burning petrol with its new additive, and the bulk of the products of combustion which might otherwise form deposits are passed harmlessly out through the exhaust. That means you get both livelier performance and more economical running — and you'll go on getting them for thousands of miles, so long as you keep to BP Super plus BP 08.

You get livelier performance because BP Super plus BP 08 maintains full compression. Use this fine fuel for quicker starting, better acceleration, smoother running. You economise because now your engine won't need overhauling so often — and because you get still more miles per shilling.

It costs you not a penny extra to change up to BP Super plus BP 08 — the petrol that gives better performance together with greater economy.

The BP Shield is the trade-mark of **ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL COMPANY, LTD.**



**Join the BP Supermen  
for peak power per piston**





## CHARIVARIA

**N**EW angles are always changing, never more so than in the field of sports reporting. Until quite recently any sporting contest which deteriorated into fist-fighting among the players, and led to bottle-throwing and other forms of audience participation among the spectators, was assured of excited mention in the headlines. Now the public is assumed to be bored with all that, and the shift of emphasis is seen in a recent baseball report in the *New York Herald-Tribune* entitled, "Cards Defeat Phillies, 5-1, Without Mayhem."

### Another Fantastic Charge

RUSSIAN propagandists claim that a group of Western business men are taking a well-dressed chimpanzee around with them, wining and dining it in all the capitals of Europe.

### Reflex

Two Nottinghamshire children, playing on a siding, released the brakes of a couple of wagons, which ran off the rails, crashed over the embankment and blocked the Nottingham-Chesterfield main line and caused two expresses, including the London-Edinburgh, to be



diverted via Long Eaton. Psychologists point out that this is what happens when parents keep nagging children not to touch things.

### Harsh Measures

THE proposal, in the House of Lords debate, that the Independent Television Authority should follow the B.B.C.'s plan of having no programmes between six and seven-thirty in the evening, in order to ease parents' problems in persuading the children to

go to bed, suggests a sad state of parental discipline. In fact, however, many parents find their television sets a valuable aid in controlling the young; they warn them that if their behaviour falls below standard they will not be allowed to watch the children's programmes, and that if they still misbehave themselves, they will be forced to sit through some of the grown-ups'.

### Switch

MANY women, warns a manufacturers' association, are walking about in shoes



that don't fit. This is what comes of trying to hurry out of the cinema before the National Anthem.

### We're Telling Them

REPORTS from U.S. aerodromes in Lancashire say that the children of American airmen, as a result of meeting English children in their schools and homes, are being converted to local idiom in their speech. American parents are said to be horrified the first time junior rushes in shouting "Okay, wise guy—reach!"

### SUEZ

"After the redeployment of our troops . . . our position will be strengthened."—Mr. Head

**M**E that 'ave been where I've been,  
Me that 'ave seen what I've seen,  
Rot in the 'cart and the mind,  
Desert to make a man blind,  
Fever an' sand-fly an' sore,  
Am I stronger than ever before,  
Me?

### Consumer Resistance

IN a recent U.S. Army report an attempt is made to analyze the differing susceptibilities to Communist propaganda of the various classes of G.I.s held prisoner during the Korean war, and it is pointed out that the man most successfully resisting indoctrination was the man who owned his own business back home. One reason for this, it is thought, may be that the business man has a deeper understanding of the relationship between advertising and the actual product.

### Feed the Brutes

ADVERTISEMENTS for office staff are tending more and more to include a reference to "meal vouchers" as an added inducement, and to give the item increasingly larger type. The time cannot be far off when the meal voucher makes the headline, and the small-type details underneath smuggle in a diffident hint that, for anyone interested, a job goes with it.

### Winking at the Brim

IT was said in a House of Lords debate on the registration of opticians that women can be seen choosing spectacles at chain-store counters, and



in about one-hundredth of the time they would take to choose their hats. The hats, what is more, often turn out to be spectacles as well.

### Here to Stay

POOR quality in modern paintings is under fire again, but this time the paint and not the painter is held to blame. A survey of works of art bought by art

galleries hot from the easel during the last thirty years shows that they are cracking and peeling badly, and giving many a borough treasurer a headache with the assets side of his balance sheet: the ratepayers will grudgingly accept an annual depreciation of a few hundreds on the Mayor's motor-car, but when the paint drops off a five thousand guinea landscape its value slumps sharply, and questions are asked. Modern bronze, however, seems to be as durable as ever, and no doubt the works of Mr. Henry Moore will now get more favourable mention than hitherto at municipal meetings.

### The Manager Wants a Word

NOTHING could be in better taste than bank advertising. It seems a pity that a piece of current copy depicts a silver salver with a card saying, "An Invitation to come and see us." For the man still keeping his savings in his mattress it probably seems harmless enough, but the effect on the experienced bank customer is rather like that of Blind Pew's black spot on Captain Billy Bones at the "Admiral Benbow."

### Tread Softly

THOSE who recall the recent report of the Chief Inspector of Factories, which revealed that modern workers tend to use up their old slippers and dance shoes in the machine-shop and foundry, were less distressed than they might have been when they read last week's headline: "Five Hundred Walk Out Over Foreman."

### Cakes and No Ale

GREAT works in digest form,  
Says Somerset Maugham,  
Mustn't be under-rated.  
But try *Rain* dehydrated.

## THE COMMISSAR (After Niccolo Machiavelli)

TO extend the power and influence of his government a Commissar should, in his stratagems, as far as possible eschew engaging his own soldiery. This can readily be achieved by persuading others that their own cause—whether of "national liberation" or some other ostensibly popular enterprise—will be advanced by falling in with his purposes. Thus they will shed their blood, and he will collect the fruits of victory.

Furthermore, he can, in due course, take credit for ending hostilities which, in fact, he initiated. This will be the easier and the more profitable if he goes through the motions of negotiating a settlement and of making concessions. As he will have no intention of observing the settlement, and as the concessions will be without substance, great advantages must accrue from this procedure.

Happy and fortunate is the Commissar who finds himself dealing with vain and feeble men. In that they are vain, they will go to any lengths to be able to persuade themselves and their countrymen that they are subtle and resolute enough to negotiate successfully with him where others have failed; in that they are feeble, they may be relied upon ever to withdraw before the possibility of having to resort to armed intervention.

The prestige that these men acquire from being able thus to parade themselves as adroit and firm negotiators is entirely to the Commissar's interest. To sustain their prestige they must keep alive the illusion that they have negotiated rather than surrendered, and that the Commissar is a man of reason and integrity. For this purpose they will both falsify what has happened, in the sense of minimizing what the Commissar has gained and what they

have relinquished, and discredit and abuse any among their own people who show an inclination to disparage their achievement.

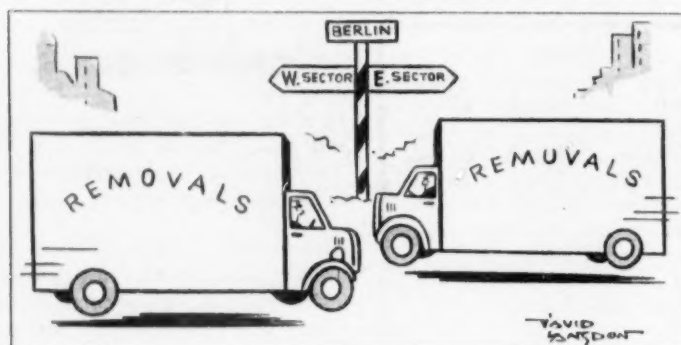
Nor should the Commissar fear that a deception once used cannot be repeated. On the contrary, he can continue to use it again and again, confident that vanity and fear will ever generate credulity, and that each new dupe will suppose that in his particular case undertakings will be scrupulously fulfilled and that professions of friendship and pacific intentions are seriously intended.

In the case of a truly powerful enemy, the Commissar must first isolate him. This can best be done by detaching his associates, all of whom will naturally feel resentment at their subordinate position and envy of their dominant partner. By persuading them, severally or together, that he holds them in particular esteem the Commissar can easily ensure that such strength as they may command is rendered ineffectual. He will then be well placed either to come to terms with the now isolated powerful enemy at the expense of the weaker associates he has lured away, or to embark upon hostilities on highly advantageous terms. In either case, he has benefited.

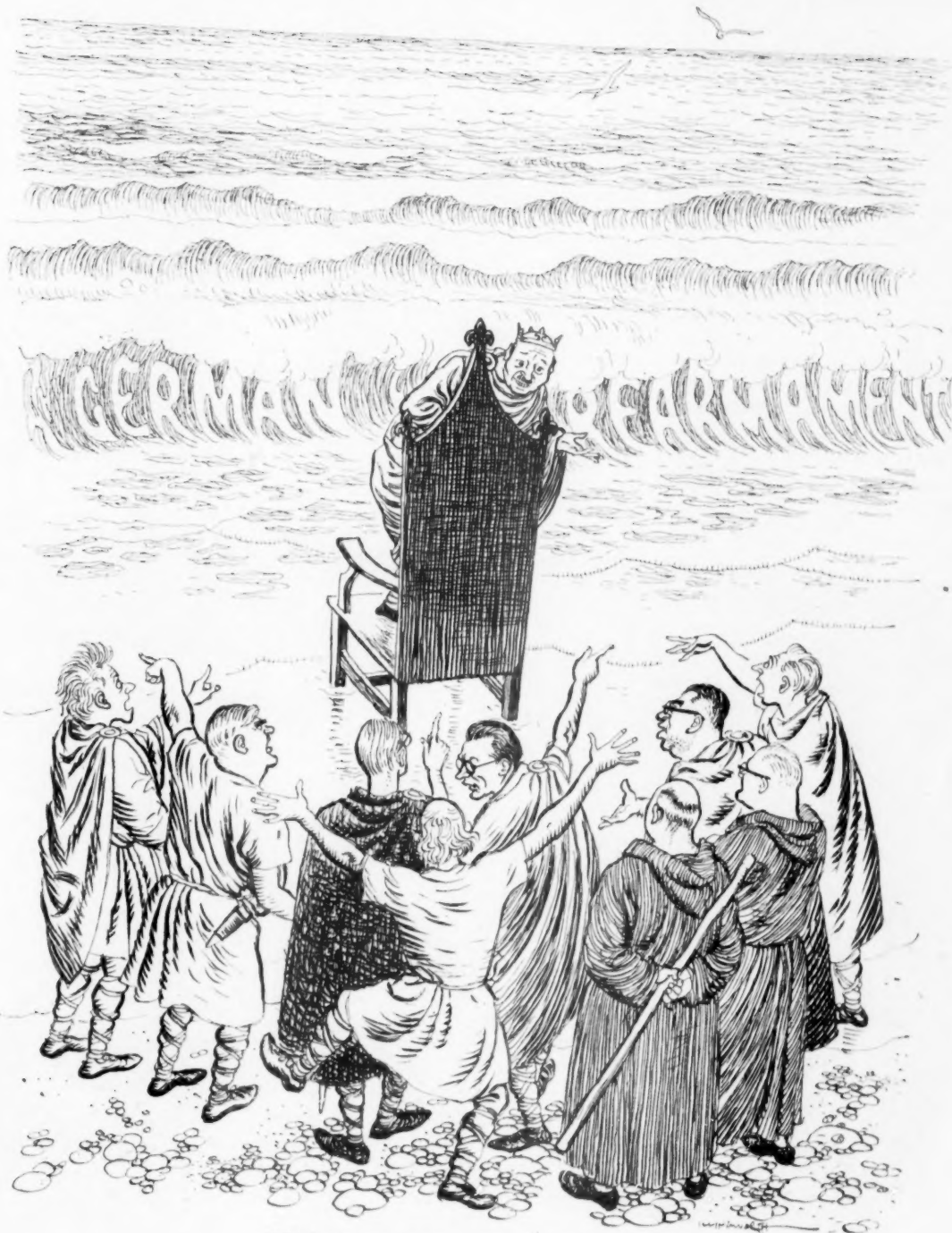
In working out this strategy the Commissar is under no necessity to hide his true intentions. Experience shows that the more vociferously and explicitly he proclaims them the less likely are they to be taken seriously. Great conquests can be made after being announced in advance, and pre-ordained victims will easily be persuaded to receive without effective resistance the punishment they have been told in advance is coming to them.

Above all, although the Commissar must be constant in professing his fidelity to engagements and his pacific intentions, he need never concern himself about the consequences of behaving in an exactly contrary sense. Every time he breaks an agreement, he may be confident that a new one extending the advantages he derived from the old will be eagerly sought. The more offensive he is in speech and ruthless in action, the greater will be the value put upon any ostensibly mild utterance or conciliatory action in which he may engage.

M. M.







*"This was the statesman who did chide  
His courtiers, when the rolling tide  
About his feet was seen."*

(After EDWARD ELLIS GRIFFIN)

# Smokers of the World, Unite

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

I T can scarcely have escaped the notice of thinking men, I think, being a thinking man myself, that the forces of darkness opposed to those of us who like a quiet smoke are gathering momentum daily and starting to throw their weight about more than somewhat. Every morning I read in the papers a long article by another of those doctors who are the spearhead of the movement. Tobacco, they say, plugs up the arteries and lowers the temperature of the body extremities, and if you reply that you like your arteries plugged up and are all for having the temperature of your body extremities lowered, especially during the summer months, they bring up that cat again.

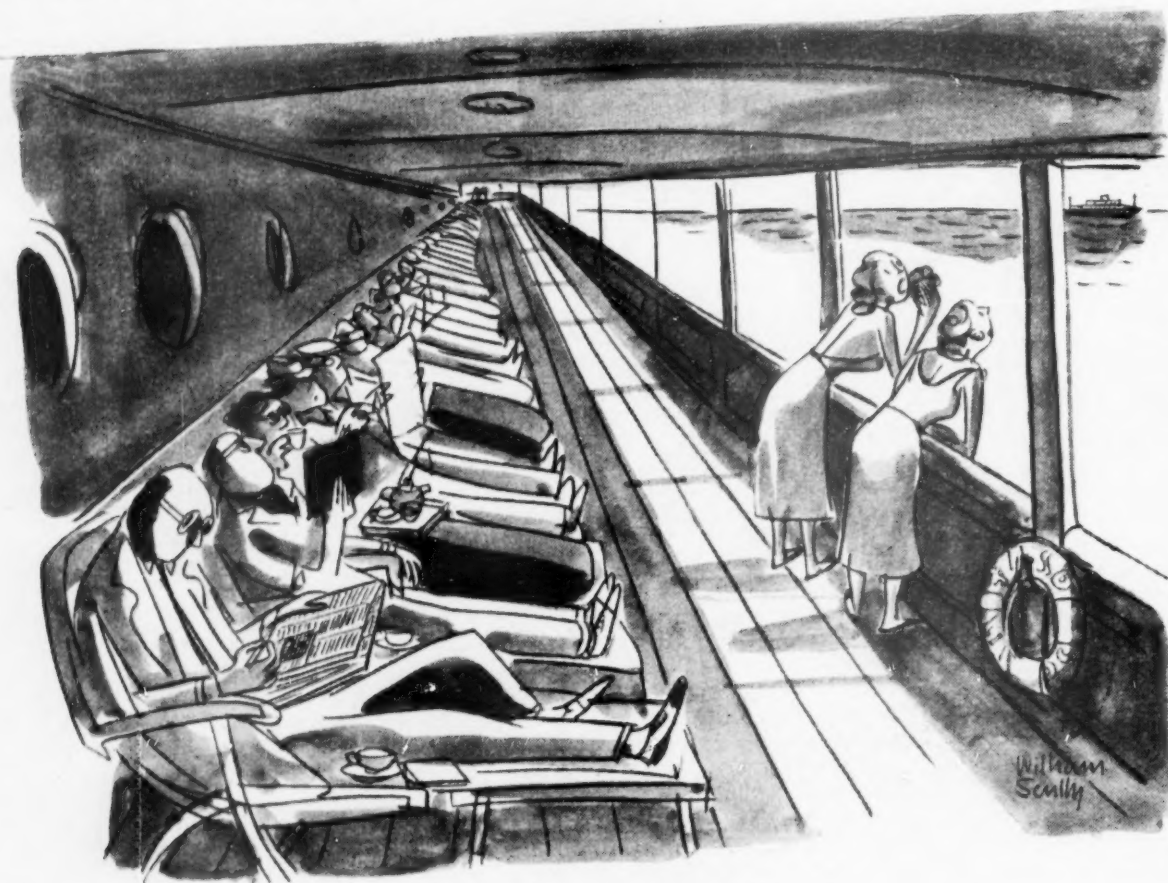
The cat to which I allude is the one that has two drops of nicotine placed on its tongue and instantly passes beyond

the veil. "Look," they say. "I place two drops of nicotine on the cat's tongue. Now watch it wilt." I can't see the argument. Cats, as Charles Stuart Calverley said, may have had their goose cooked by tobacco juice, but are we to deprive ourselves of all our modest pleasures just because indulgence in them would be harmful to some cat which is probably a perfect stranger?

Take a simple instance such as occurs every Saturday on the Rugby football field. The ball is heeled out, the scrum half gathers it, and instantaneously two fourteen-stone forwards fling themselves on his person, grinding him into the mud. Must we abolish Twickenham and Murrayfield because some sorry reasoner insists that if the scrum half had been a cat he would have been squashed flatter than a Dover sole?

And no use, of course, to try to drive into these morons' heads that scrum halves are not cats. Really, one feels inclined at times to give it all up and turn one's face to the wall.

It is pitiful to think that that is how these men spend their lives, putting drops of nicotine on the tongues of cats day after day after day. Slaves to a habit, is the way I look at it. But if you tell them that and urge them to pull themselves together and throw off the shackles, they just look at you with fishy eyes and mumble something about it can't be done. Of course it can be done. All it requires is will power. If they were to say to themselves "I will not start putting nicotine on cats' tongues till after lunch" it would be a simple step to knocking off during the afternoon, and by degrees they would find that



"They're having a very gay time on that boat."

they could abstain altogether. The first cat of the day is the hard one to give up. Conquer the impulse for the after-breakfast cat, and the battle is half won.

But how few of them can see this. You think you have driven home your point, but no. Back comes that fishy-eyed look, and before you know where you are they are off again with their "Place two drops on the tongue of a cat . . ." The result is that day by day in every way we smokers are being harder pressed. Like the troops of Midian, the enemy prowl and prowl around. First it was James the Second, then Tolstoy, then all these doctors, and now—of all people—Miss Gloria Swanson, who not only has become a non-smoker herself but claims to have converted a San Francisco business man, a Massachusetts dress designer, a lady explorer, a television script writer and a Chicago dentist.

"The joys of not smoking," she says, "are so much greater than the joys of smoking," omitting, however, to mention what the former are. From the fact that she states that her disciples send her flowers, I should imagine that she belongs to the school of thought which holds that abstention from tobacco heightens the sense of smell. "Do you realize," these people tell you, "that if you stop smoking you will be able to smell better?" I don't want to be able to smell better. Living in New York, I often find myself wishing that I didn't smell the place as well as I do.

But I have no quarrel with Miss Swanson. We Wodehouses do not war upon the weaker sex. As far as Miss Swanson is concerned, an indulgent "There, there, foolish little woman" about covers my attitude. The bird I am resolved to expose before the bar of world opinion is the late Count Leo N. Tolstoy.

For one reason and another I have not read Tolstoy in the original Russian, and it is possible that a faulty translation may have misled me, but what he is recorded as saying in his *Essays, Letters and Miscellanies* is that an excellent substitute for smoking may be found in twirling the fingers, and there rises before one's mental eye the picture of some big public dinner (decorations will be worn) at the moment when the toast of the Queen is being drunk.

"The Queen!"



"I can't even draw a straight line."

"The Queen, God bless her!"  
And then.

"Gentlemen, you may twirl your fingers."

It wouldn't work. There would be a sense of something missing. And I don't see that it would be much better if you adopted Tolstoy's other suggestion—viz. playing on the dudka. But then what can you expect of a man who not only wore a long white beard but said that the reason we smoke is to deaden our consciences, instancing the case of a Russian murderer who half-way through the assassination of his employer found himself suffering from cold feet?

"I could not finish the job," he is quoted as saying. "So I went from the bedroom into the drawing-room, sat down there and smoked a cigarette."

"Only when he had stupefied himself with tobacco," says Tolstoy, "did he feel sufficiently fortified to return to the bedroom and finish dispatching the old lady."

Stupefied with tobacco! On a single gasper! They must have been turning

out powerful stuff in Russia under the old régime.

And, of course, our own manufacturers are turning out good and powerful stuff to-day, and what I am leading up to is that we should all avail ourselves of it. Smoke up, my hearties. Never mind Tolstoy. Ignore G. Swanson. Forget the cat. Think what it would mean if for want of our support the tobacco firms had to go out of business. There would be no more of those photographs of authors smoking pipes, and if authors were not photographed smoking pipes, how would we be able to know that they were manly and in the robust tradition of English literature?

A pipe placed on the tongue of an author makes all the difference.

#### The Danger with these Ice Shows

"Miss Harshaw's last assignment in London was in June when she sank Brunnhilde at Covent Garden."—*The Scotsman*



# Cricket : A Plea for Plain Speaking

By H. F. ELLIS

ONE thing to get clear, before the team of journalists to tour Australia is finally picked, is that it is no use sending men who will fob us off with veiled hints. We had enough of that in the West Indies. To this day it is far from clear to me what actually happened out there. There were Ructions, certainly. It wouldn't surprise me at all to learn that there were Goings On. But all is surmise. "Unhappy incidents" and "misunderstandings, both on and off the field"—such was the pigeon's milk served up by my newspaper. Nobody ever told me, in plain words, who threw what at whom.\*

One is expected, I dare say, to read between the lines. But you have to have the trick of it. I can read between the lines of a police-court report, having some knowledge of original sin; and in much the same way, I suppose, those who have been on cricket tours have only to see the word "misunderstanding" to know that one or two of the wilder spirits have been putting sawdust in the captain's boots again, or scribbling bad words in the score-book, or whatever it is that constitutes an unhappy incident on tour. Those who have *not* been on cricket tours, a considerable majority even of the readers of my newspaper, are at a loss; we can only stand about with ears agog, as we did in the old days when our parents were

\*Except, of course, that some West Indians threw bottles at the umpire. But that was a side-issue.

guardedly discussing some neighbour's downfall, and give our imaginations free rein. This, on *omne ignotum pro magnifico* grounds, is unfair to the tourists.

My own favourite cricket writer has a particularly annoying habit, recently acquired, of writing as if there could not by this time be a single reader in ignorance of what it is he is writing about. "Everybody is agreed," he will say, "that the lamentable occurrences of the West Indies tour must never be repeated." I do not care for the feeling of isolation, of being out of the swim, that this gives me. He goes on, as a rule, to point out that cricketing ability is by no means the sole requirement in a member of a touring team; an equable temperament, ability to mix readily, a personality acceptable to his fellows are no less vital qualifications; one misfit in a side can fatally impair . . . and so on. This also maddens me, because it seems to imply that he has one or two names in mind, which ought to be in my mind too, and it thus accentuates my growing conviction that I am too naïve and untutored to be a fit reader of his column. I cannot take the allusions.

What is worse, it cuts the ground from under my position as a private selector. It means that I have wasted all the time I have spent this season, in common with millions of besotted Englishmen, in pitting my wits against the official selectors. I have been theorizing without knowing all the data, a capital

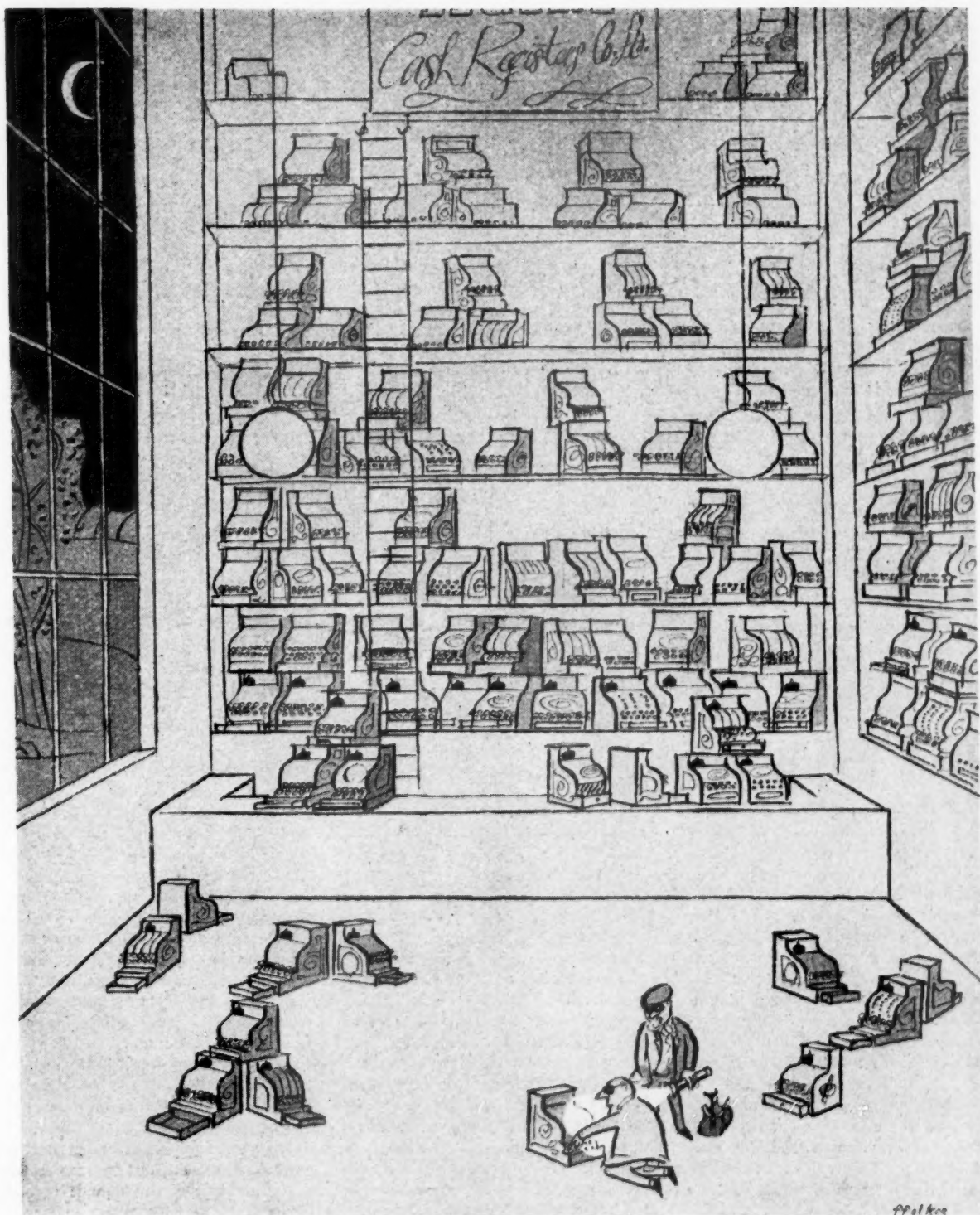
mistake. All the thought and energy I have devoted to the question of Higgs or Briggs (to assume a couple of names at random) has in all probability been so much spindrift. I have weighed up their rival bowling abilities on soft wickets and on hard, on dead wickets and on sticky dogs, against left-handed batsmen and against right-handed batsmen. I have evaluated their worth as tail-enders. I have considered Higgs's renown as a close fielder and balanced it against a certain loss of accuracy in throwing-in from the deep if Briggs is omitted. I have thrashed the matter out in bars and buses from Islington to Kew. And to what end? Higgs, for all I know, may have hit Hutton cross-batted during the tea-interval at Georgetown. Or Briggs, more likely, makes golloping noises with his porridge and was never even considered.

Well, it is too late to do anything about that now. The M.C.C. team has been chosen, and what happened in the West Indies can now, as my favourite cricket writer says, be forgotten—an easy task for some of us. But should anything untoward occur during the Australian tour—and when seventeen hot-blooded young men are touring together for six months, closely pursued by twice that number of journalists, it is inevitable that cries of "Yaroo! You beast! Leggo!" should occasionally be overheard coming from the dressing-rooms—let the thing be hinted at in a manly, straightforward way, so that at least I can make a guess at what my newspaper is getting at. I don't ask for details; all I really want is the culprit's name, tactfully revealed: "After an unusually noisy lunch interval, Hutton reverted to a defensive field, Wiggs eventually moving back from extra cover to deep extra." Something on those lines will do; the word "eventually" will be enough. I can then write "sulky" against Wiggs's name, and scrub him off my list of possibles for next summer's Tests against South Africa.



"Two orders, one of them tentative, for electrical equipment have been placed with British firms by the Saskatchewan power company. Their total value is nearly £200,000."—*Jersey Evening Post*

You mean we're running at a loss?



*"I still think you're wasting your time."*



## Bad Taste Revue

By DAVID YATES MASON

"I HEAR," said the Worldly Uncle, "that you and your young friends are getting up some sort of show."

"We haven't got very far with it yet," the Nephew replied, "but we've raised quite a bit of talent. Miles-Marshall's really first-class at putting over a point number."

"I'm pleased to note you've picked up the professional jargon," said the Uncle. "Songs are no longer sung in revues, point numbers are put over. The question is: what point numbers?"

"That's our trouble," said the Nephew. "It's so difficult to get any new ones. Miles-Marshall does 'Mad Dogs and Englishmen' and 'My Heart Belongs to Daddy,' but everyone's heard them dozens of times. They're terribly dated."

"Doesn't he write his own?" asked the Uncle.

"Well, yes," the Nephew replied doubtfully, "and they're awfully funny, but . . ."

"You mean they're undrawing-room?" asked the Uncle.

"Not exactly," the Nephew replied, "but somehow you couldn't very well do them in public. It's a bit difficult to explain. They're what some people would call not very good taste."

"You've stumbled against the bugbear of all serious revue writing," said the Uncle. "Almost everything that's funny is bad taste one way or another. When I was in the business (you didn't know I'd written revues, did you?) it was always cropping up. I'd be struck with some killingly funny idea and rush excitedly to the producer, who would laugh his head off only to cut short with 'Of course it won't do, old man. Bad taste, you know.' It was always the

same. I even started a Bad Taste file and soon found I had enough for a whole revue. You've heard of the Bad Taste Revue, I expect."

"Should I?" said the Nephew.

"I can't claim the original idea," the Uncle went on, "but I do honestly maintain that my Bad Taste Revue stands comparison with most. The important thing is that the items mustn't be undrawing-room for the sake of being undrawing-room. If they are they aren't funny—like the usual run of Stock Exchange stories. I'm going to begin my revue like an old-fashioned pantomime with the Plain Fairy Good Taste simpering on in a dove-grey tea gown. She will start reciting some sickly prologue, when there is a loud report and a dashing figure in flame-coloured tights pops up in a puff of evil-smelling smoke. It is the Wicked



Demon *Mauvais Goût*. The Plain Fairy faints dead away and is carried off to derisive laughter. After that the Demon takes charge of the show."

"I say, that's a jolly good idea," said the Nephew.

"It's yours if you like it," said the Uncle. "For the opening I'd have the whole cast in invalid chairs, careering about the stage bumping into each other (good chance for broad comedy, you see) and hitting each other over the head with surgical appliances. An alternative is to open with a mock funeral with the principal comedian being dragged on in a hearse, but I have an idea it's been done before somewhere.

"Another little item that I'm particularly keen on is one that came to me years ago after I had been caned by my headmaster for giving an over-secular rendering of 'There is a Green Hill' on the chapel organ. It's to be one of those pretty dance numbers—you know the sort of thing—the girls in filmy ballet dresses, the men in clerical evening dress, weaving in and out of a softly-lighted Betjeman-gothic cloister. It's to be called 'Dancing Through Hymns A. and M.' They'd trip on to 'All Things Bright and Beautiful' (quickstep), then go into 'A Few More Years Shall Roll' (slow foxtrot) ending with a swirling waltz, 'We Plough the Fields and Scatter.' I'd also like a Heavenly Choir (off-stage) singing in close harmony."

"That would be a bit too elaborate for us," said the Nephew.

"Well, what about this?" the Uncle went on. "The setting is a B.B.C. studio during one of those charming little broadcasts for the under-fives, only instead of those bright B.B.C. ladies singing their little rhymes there will be some leering un-B.B.C. gentlemen giving their versions. It will be called 'Listen With Daddy.'

*One, two, three-four-five,  
Auntie's in some West End dive;  
Six, seven, eight-nine-ten,  
Importuning business men.*

"Of course," the Uncle continued, warming to his theme, "there'll have to be a lot more broad comedy—a knock about operation scene perhaps, or a baptism conducted by the Crazy Gang. But my real *pièce de résistance* is to be an elaborate Drury Lane *scena* all done to music with hardly a word spoken. The scene is the deck of a

luxury liner at sea. It is a romantic, moonlight night and music is in the air as first-class passengers in evening dress stroll up and down or lean over the guard-rail. Suddenly there is a terrific explosion. The ship has struck a mine. Whistles blow and alarm bells ring frenziedly. The deck, which is beginning to list, is invaded by tourist passengers, mostly women with babies in their arms. Ships' officers attempt to calm them but they become more distraught than ever. When the call comes to abandon ship it is discovered that all the lifeboats, except one, have jammed in the davits. At this the Captain appears with a band of engine-room thugs who roughly force the panic-stricken women to make way to the boat for the first-class passengers. The Captain himself is gallantly going to stay with his ship but a smile from a

gorgeous creature dripping with diamonds and mink induces him to take the last place in the boat, leaving the tourist mothers to their doom. They, realizing their situation is hopeless, huddle together as best they can on the ominously tilting deck, clutching their offspring and singing bravely as the music swells to a thundering crescendo and the curtain falls."

"What happens to the engine-room thugs?" the Nephew asked.

"They are seen making a getaway on the only available Carley float," replied the Uncle.

The Nephew was silent for a minute. "I think that's going a bit too far," he said.

"I was afraid you might," the Uncle rejoined, "though it's not nearly so strong as another one I've thought up. It's about a railway disaster . . ."

But the Nephew had disappeared.



## Modern Types

## Marlene Jones

By GEOFFREY GORER

"B LESS you!" Miss Jones says as she ends a telephone conversation or leaves an acquaintance; or "Bye, now; be good!" The voice is cheerful, the nearly fashionable catchwords are used without self-consciousness, but to a sensitive ear the vowel-sounds have overtones which suggest that her present manner of speaking has been fairly recently acquired. Although he will not recognize the name, a person meeting Miss Jones for the first time might wonder whether she were an actress.

This guess is given further probability by her appearance and her conversation. Her clothes, though not particularly modish, are smart enough and worn with an air; and her rather extensive make-up is applied with professional skill, and makes the most of agreeable, if slightly vapid, features and colouring. Her conversation is larded with the first-names or nicknames of people eminent in the world of stage, screen or radio, and with anecdotes which suggest a considerable degree of familiarity. It is probably only members of the professions who will notice that there is rather more emphasis on producers, directors and similar functionaries than on performers.

Miss Jones is not an actress, though she makes her living in the world of entertainment. She is employed in a much more recent, and incidentally a much more secure, profession; she is one of the specialists who ensure the relatively smooth and efficient functioning of the technically complicated media of mass entertainment by cinema and television.

Miss Jones's successful career is a triumph of perseverance and adaptability; both financially and socially she has risen far above her very humble origins. Her Mum had been passionately devoted to the "flicks" and gave her daughter her rather unfortunate first name of Marlene in honour of one of her favourite stars, though she hesitated some time between that and Greta, Lilian or Mae. Miss Jones dislikes the name herself—the witticisms which it evokes have lost all their humour for her, and it tends to reveal her age

—and she asks her intimate friends to call her Mary; but it would upset Mum if her credits were ascribed to "Mary Jones," and so she keeps to her baptismal name professionally.

When motherhood prevented Mrs. Jones visiting the local picture house with her previous regularity she filled



the void in her life by assiduous perusal of all the "picture" magazines, usually to the background of nice music from the wireless. Little Marlene almost literally learned to read from such sources, picking out "The star is in the car" instead of "The cat is on the mat." As soon as she was old enough to read the sub-titles she and Mum went to at least two film matinées a week.

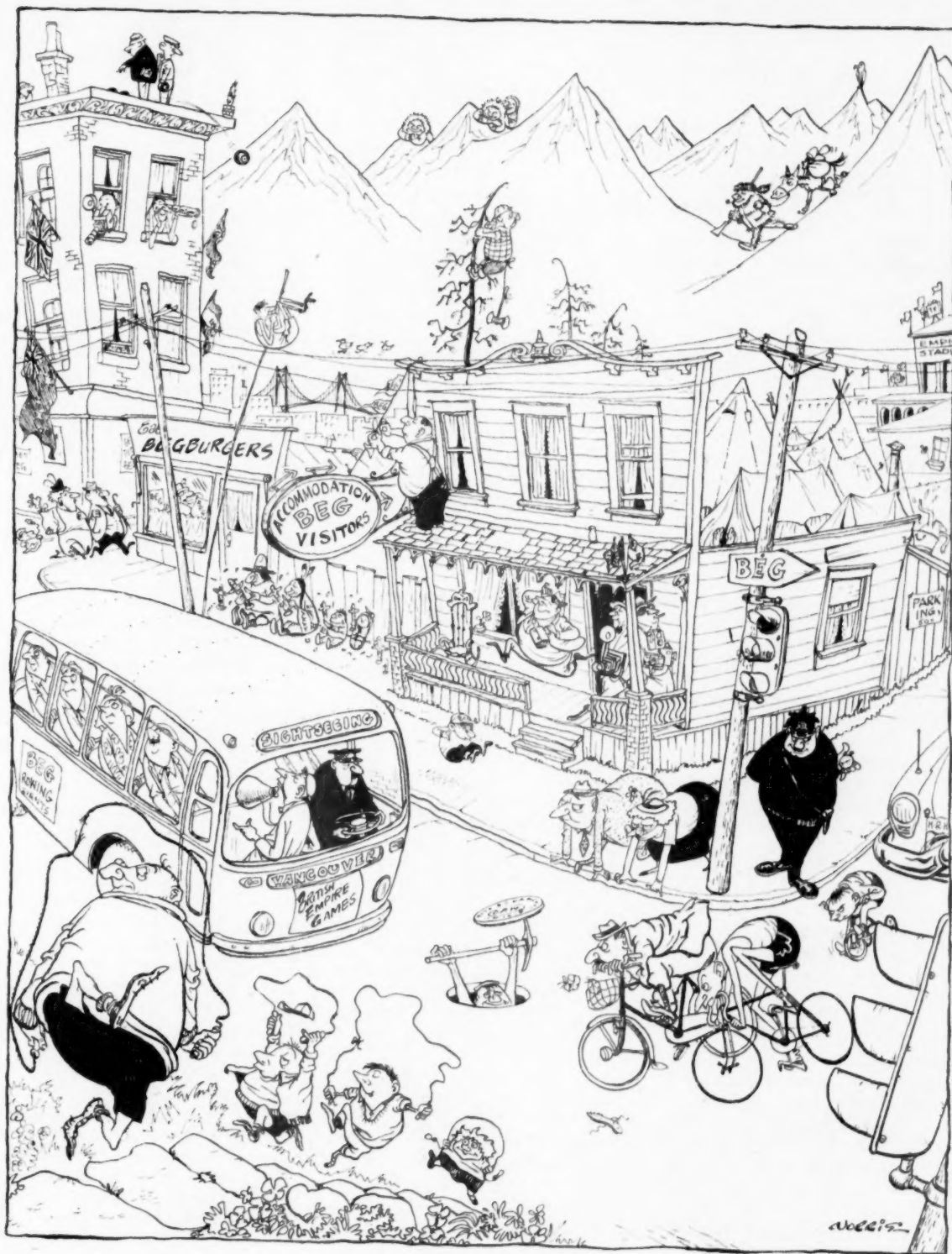
Even to Mrs. Jones's fond eye Marlene at fourteen had neither the face, the voice (the talkies had come in by then) nor the figure for a future star; to prevent her daughter having to descend to a shop assistant or factory worker Mrs. Jones broke the vow she had made to herself at marriage, that she would never go out to work again, and charred for two years to pay for Marlene's tuition at a secretarial school; and, when Marlene had got her diploma, scrutinized every possible vacancy until she had secured her a job within the sacred precincts of a Studio. The evening that Marlene was able to report in the minutest detail how naturally a famous performer had acted in the

office Mrs. Jones considered that all her sacrifices were amply repaid.

Marlene Jones's progress in the technical side of the entertainment world was not spectacular but was very steady; her willingness, her industry and her considerable capabilities were slowly recognized, and each year saw her in a position of greater responsibility and better pay. The war made little interruption of her career; although she was put into uniform, she was employed in the same sort of jobs, either with documentary film units or with Ensa activities.

Her wartime experiences did however greatly modify her personality. For the first time in her life she was away from Mum for long periods; she adapted her accent, her vocabulary, her tastes in food and drink to those of her more distinguished companions (for in the small wartime units she was much closer to the stars and directors than she had ever been in the mammoth peacetime organizations); by the time she was demobilized she was a pretty typical representative of the world her mother had worshipped from afar.

To-day she shares a small flat with a colleague in a conveniently central location. She lived at home for a little while after the war, but the very irregular hours she was forced to keep disturbed Dad's rest; and for the sake of her career she needed somewhere where she could return hospitality. She is assiduous however in visiting Mum whenever possible and retailing every item of studio gossip; and whenever, as quite frequently happens, a young man shows signs of being seriously interested in her (in an honourable way; her strict sexual morality is one of the few aspects of her personality she has not modified) she always takes him to see Mum and Dad. Somehow nothing ever comes of these potential engagements; for though Miss Jones has no embarrassment about her origins and is nothing of a snob, the same cannot be said of the young gentlemen who feel themselves somewhat attracted by her. She is still young, but no longer very young; it seems likely that her name will always be Marlene Jones.



Vancouver reacts to the British Empire Games.

Vancouver, 1954





"Trying to jump the gun again, Thompson!"

## Mind Squared Over Matter

By BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

**A**T this moment athletes from twenty-five countries of the Commonwealth and Empire are scampering about Vancouver. Some eight hundred men and women have travelled, all told, a distance of four million miles to meet on the playing-fields and tracks of British Columbia; and they have been preparing for these contests for months, scorning delights, living laborious days, flexing and un-flexing their superb muscles, and making long detours to avoid even the remotest possibility of contact with a germ.

We have seen their pictures in the newspapers and on television, charming young men and women from Hong Kong, Fiji, Bermuda, Barbados, Kenya, Wales, Nigeria, New Zealand, Pakistan, Gold Coast, Trinidad and so on. We have seen them in their neat blazers, flannels or skirts, modestly discounting their own chances of success to airport interviewers. And we have seen them in action, their faces pale and drawn, lungs bursting, hearts hammering. Flesh, blood and bone at the limit of endurance, minds and bodies on the rack. And many people have wondered. Why, they ask, do unpaid athletes

submit themselves to such frightful ordeals, to hard labour, exhaustion and newspaper criticism?

Honour and glory? Yes, of course. But there is something more. I have been talking to some of the one hundred and twenty-seven men and women who are representing England in the Games, and I have discovered the very significant fact that athletes enjoy athletics . . .

*Journalist:* Wait a minute. You travel six thousand miles and more to take part in a race lasting less than ten seconds and you enjoy the event. But can your few seconds' pleasure be worth all the months of arduous preparation?

*Athlete:* Yes, indeed. Though a race may last only ten seconds it seems very much longer to the competitors. Why, I could write a book on my thoughts and emotions during the short sprint.

*Journalist:* But what is there to think about? I mean, you just go all out, it seems to me; a mad dash for the tape. No time to think.

*Athlete:* On the contrary. The starter tells us to get on our marks and my mind starts ticking over . . . "This is it," I say to myself, "here's my big

chance. I'm fit, fighting fit, and I know what I have to do. Brown, here on my left, has done nine and three-fifths and looks pretty confident. Putting it on, probably. I must look confident too. Everything in order? Spikes, laces, my number? No. 51, eh! Well, there's no significance in that. Can't think of anything to do with 51. Oh, yes, I can—it's Ma's age next Friday, and I mustn't forget her birthday present. Gosh! They'll all be waiting for the news at 122 Mile Hill, Reigate. I mustn't let 'em down. Got to pull the thing off somehow . . ."

*Journalist:* Is there time for all that?

*Athlete:* Much more than that. At such moments of physical and emotional strain the mind telescopes thought with the speed of light. "I've got to pull it off. First past the tape and then . . .! The public address announcement, the congratulations, the autograph hunters, the medal . . . and I mustn't forget to congratulate the losers, especially Brown, yes, especially Brown." Then we're told to get ready. Down on our marks. "This is it. Wait for it! Wait for it! Come on, man, we shall be having a false start! Don't want to go through that Motspur Park business again—five false starts and three disqualifications! But I mustn't relax either, get caught napping, left at the post. That *would* be a tragedy. Don't relax. Listen . . . Listen . . . finger tips, toes . . . listen."

*Journalist:* You amaze me!

*Athlete:* And then there's a bang and we're off. "Now I'll show 'em. I'm in front. Inches. Still gaining. I'm going to do it. And to-night I shall celebrate. Great city, Vancouver. Not nearly as American as I'd thought. Not a bad place to settle in either. I wonder if I shall see that air hostess on the way home. Peach. And she seemed interested. Or was that just professional efficiency? Of course there's always Molly, dear old Molly. The folks like her, sort of take it for granted that we . . ." I'm in front, holding on, and the crowd's screaming. "Odd that the tearing gasping rush of breath from six runners should sound so loud. Who's this coming up? Brown? No, the dark boy from Nigeria. Nice guy. Studying to be a solicitor, he said. Shouldn't care for that job . . ."

*Journalist:* All this!

*Athlete:* We've only just started, only

done about fifteen yards. "Yes, I'm still in front. By a shade. Faster! I can do it. They'll be televising this. Wish I could see it. And it'll be shown back home in a day or two. Molly'll see it. And the air hostess, perhaps. I *must* write to Molly to-night. No excuses. Tell her all about Canada—what I've seen of it! The food, the prices, the ice-cream, beverage rooms, Brockton Point, the bridge, the Rockies... Never thought I should see the Rockies. Remember that old gramophone record of Pop's! He used to love that tune, something about moonlight in the Rockies and coming back to you. Never thought I should actually see them. Lucky. But I've worked pretty hard for it. Five years ago I'd no idea I could sprint, not until the school sports and old Wilcox pumping my hand and saying he was going to take me under his wing. Lucky all the same. There can't be many bank clerks who get a free trip to Canada. And Australia. Counting chickens. Come off it. By 1956 you may be a back number, my boy, a has-been. But I'm still in front and there must be a yard in it. Half a yard anyway. I'm going to win, *win*."

*Journalist:* And how far have you gone by now?

*Athlete:* Say fifty yards. Yes, I know it sounds odd, but it's true. I don't know what happens to milers and Marathon-runners. A four-minute mile must seem like a light-year when you're running it. Shall I go on?

*Journalist:* Please do.

*Athlete:* "Well," I say to myself, "here we are at the half-way stage and I'm two feet up. What was it Brown said? We were stripping off our track suits. May the better man win, he said. His way of suggesting there were only two of us in it. Or bad grammar. Anyway it's nice to know that all first three places will be taken by Empire athletes. No

ideologies here. No 'curtain' material, and no beer-cellar demagogic ranting. Empire first, Empire second, Empire third. Or perhaps I should say Commonwealth. Golly, I'm slipping back. There's the tape. Twenty yards to go and they've caught me. Brown's level, he's not, he is... Hang it, he's ahead, and I can't do anything about it. Still, there's no disgrace in running second to Brown. Pa will be a bit disappointed, but still pretty proud. Second in the Fifth British Empire and Commonwealth Games. Oh, no! Here's that black fellow! Pipping me on the post. I'm going to explode! Third. Five yards to go and I'm third. Not bad. But I'm *not* third. I'm crawling and here's that New Zealand bloke inching me out of a place. Woe is me! A bright

grin and handshakes all round. Write to Molly... air-hostess... celebration... lucky."

*Journalist:* Finished?

*Athlete:* Unless you want any more. I've merely given you the bare bones of the story. I've left out all the nuances of thought, the stuff that would be of interest only to myself and a psychologist. D'you still think I ought to write that book?

*Journalist:* Well... Not if you lost the race. The public will read anything by a successful sportsman, but there's no interest in the literary efforts of an also-ran.

*Athlete:* Would you care to hear how I lost the two-twenty yards?

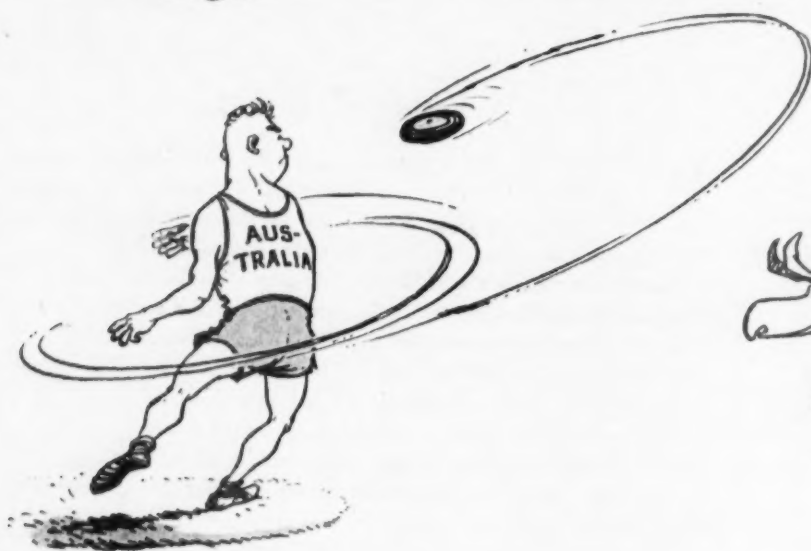
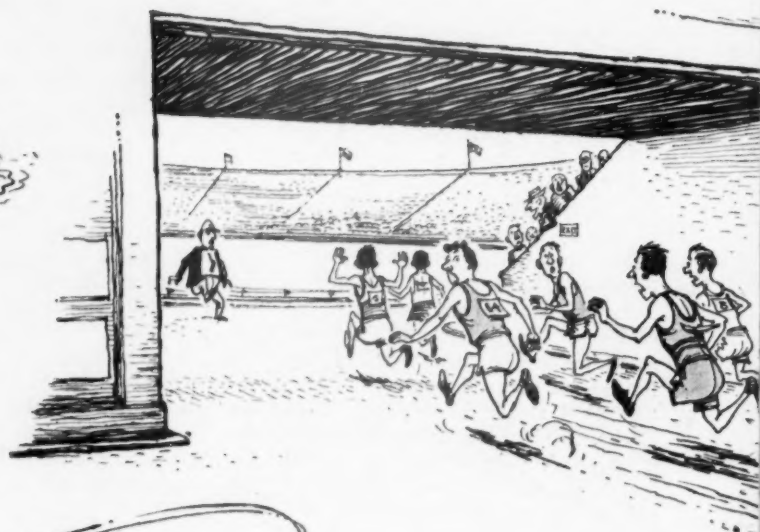
*Journalist:* Very much. But I'm afraid it must be some other time.

## Kindred Races

WHAT have they got in common, these men at the Vancouver games, With their wide variations of colour and dissimilarities of names—  
The Scots representing New Zealand and the Welsh representing Wales;  
The Anglo-Saxon Australians and Canadian Franco-Gaels;  
The men with rum in their blood and a warm West Indian address,  
Ready to break into Calypsos at the smallest sign of a success;  
The corn-coloured Pakistanis, in elaborate Western garb,  
But shiny with the wheat and milk and the brilliance of the West Punjab—  
Everything from London boffins with a sad, scientific air  
To barefoot African originals banking on a natural flair?  
They must have some link stronger than a purely political one,  
Or a common conviction that parliaments are good for getting things done,  
Or English as a common language (with much variety of sound),  
Or even (most of them) currencies coupled with the swaying pound:  
The Games should differ from a meeting in the strictly international sphere  
As the World Cup differs from Wembley in its spiritual atmosphere.  
There ought to be something special, though indefinable in scope,  
Observable about Vancouver—including, one would dare to hope,  
An incorrigible amateurishness even in the highest ranks  
To ensure that the winners shall be beatable by Europeans and Yanks.

P. M. HUBBARD





Harrison





# Flesh-Coloured Net Tights

By ROBERT GRAVES

**D**EAREST AUNT MAY,—I must at last explain that long telegram I sent you from Olga, who's my ballet teacher, asking for all those pairs of flesh-coloured net tights to be put on the B.E.A. plane. I hope you didn't think that they were for the Dolorous Nuns to wear themselves. It is a story rather like the "Belle of the Ballet" serial in *Girl*, though nobody gets kidnapped or locked into a spidery cellar. Olga's a Polish *refugiada*, who escaped from the Russians to Sadler's Wells in England and said: "I'm a prima ballerina from Warsaw. Please can I have a job?" So they gave her a scrubbing brush and a pail. Olga scrubbed floors for ages, but three years ago she escaped from the English to Majorca. The Governor allowed her to start a school for classical ballet here, because his wife had seen Moira Shearer's *Red Shoes* and thought that it was very artistic and in good taste; but Brunhilda Schwarzfuss, the German lady who has a *Tanzgruppe* here, wasn't at all pleased by the news.

Brunhilda is square and bouncy and wears a sort of deerstalker hat. She waves her drumstick and shouts: "Now *niñas*, I'll put on the gramophone to-day and you'll all be little horses galloping along the sands and suddenly putting your heads down and kicking up your heels. Bang, bang, bang! Off you run! *Muy bien! Muy bien!*" After two goes of that she changes the record and they play at being soldiers, or else rabbits. Then the bigger girls express their emotions in dances they invent themselves, which means wagging their

arms and tossing their heads back and giving a few backward kicks, or pretending to be terribly afraid of something and push it off without looking at it. Or they play at shepherdesses and fauns. The shepherdesses are the neat girls; the fauns are the clumsy ones, whose mothers have asked Brunhilda to run some of the fat off them and make them easier to marry. The shepherdesses waltz around and the fauns jump after them and pretend to blow pipes. It is all rather awful, because they don't learn a single *one* of the one hundred and twenty basic positions of ballet, and the windows are tight shut to prevent draughts and most of the girls are afraid of the cold showers afterwards and rub themselves with Majorcan eau de Cologne instead.

Last year Olga married an American called Bill, the nice poor sort of American. He is a composer and was a trumpeter. But he sold his trumpet to marry Olga and had to teach English for a living instead. Bill said to Olga: "We must advertise if we want this school to pay. The best way is to put on a good show at the Plaza." Olga said: "Oh, no, Bill, my girls aren't ready. After only three years I should be ashamed." Bill said: "Nonsense, nobody here will know the difference, and the girls will get experience. Let's do Glazounov's *Four Seasons* and aim for early April."

How Olga worked us! We almost hated her sometimes, though she's so sweet really, because we had to go straight from our various convents to ballet class and never had time for a

sit-down supper and came home nearly dead at about ten o'clock. But the nuns thought that dancing was idleness, and made us work dreadfully hard at Visigothic Kings and Principal Exports of Spain and The Properties of Solid Bodies, to show we were industrious. We had to get "Outstanding" on our weekly reports instead of only "Approved." And Sor Juana one day reprobated me for practising ballet steps in the playground and called me presumptuous; but I said I was just cold. And she said: "Don't answer back, my daughter. You ought to bear the cold bravely!" Well, that afternoon we found a hot-water bottle lying about in a corner of the playground. It must have fallen from under Sor Juana's skirts; so my companions chose me to give it back to her, which I did very politely without a word.

I'm at the Sacred Tunics, but the Little Flowers who have a big new convent down the road pay Brunhilda to give their girls dancing lessons. Of course, I don't really *know* who had said what; only it's certain that the Mother Superior of the Little Flowers took aside all the girls who go to Olga's and warned them that she was of doubtful antecedents and that if they took part in the public performance of the *Four Seasons* they'd all get zero on their term's report. Luckily one of the girls was the daughter of the man who fabricated the convent beds and tables and chairs and things. They are six months behind with paying. So she went crying to her father and said: "Father, will you let them insult Olga?"

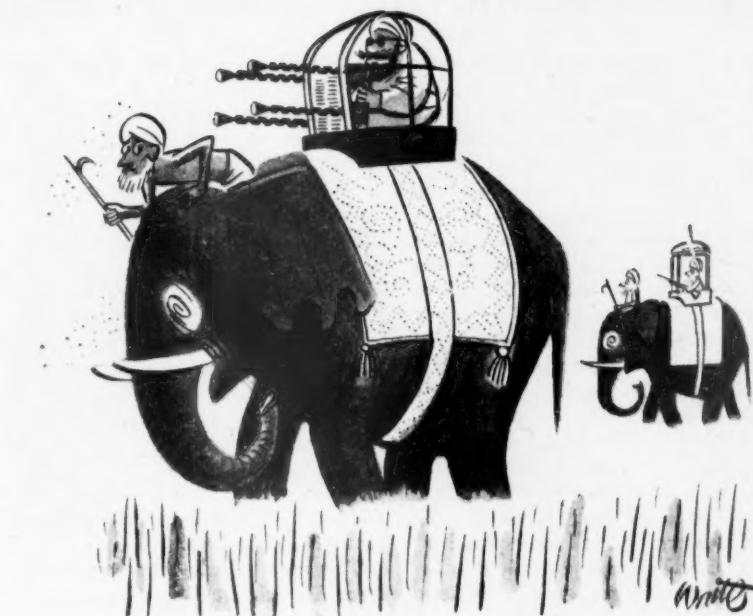


After you and mother, she's the best person in Majorca." And he answered: "Enough, child, I'll tell them things." So he did, and after that the Little Flowers even let the girls go off early to rehearsals.

Bill hired the Plaza Theatre for April 1st and taught the orchestra the *Four Seasons* music. It had taken him weeks to prepare it for the right number of instruments and copy out the parts. Then about New Year we read an "interview" in the *Prensa Palmesana* in which Brunhilda said that classical ballet was very bad for the legs and very monotonous and already going out of fashion, and that she would put on a performance in the Plaza early in March with all her *Tanzgruppe* pupils. When the man from the *Prensa* asked what would she show, she answered: "The *Four Seasons*, danced with all naturalness and liberty of expression."

One of Olga's girls is the niece of the man who has a mortgage on the Plaza Theatre, and she went crying to her father and said: "Father, will you let them insult Olga? After you and Mother she's the best person in Majorca." And he answered: "Enough, child, we'll tell them things, the insects." So next day his brother made the theatre owner warn Brunhilda that the Plaza would probably be out of action all March because it was to be altered for 3-D. So that was all right. Then suddenly the convent of Dolorous Nuns started giving Olga's pupils zero even if they were top of the class. I found out from the bus-man who collects the Dolorous day-girls from the other side of Palma that someone had told terrible lies about Olga's being a Protestant and in love with the theatre owner. But Olga's confessor happened to be the Dolorous Nuns' confessor too, so he told them things. Don't think that our Majorcan nuns aren't good people. They are terribly good; but the trouble is they just don't like classical ballet.

Meanwhile Brunhilda and Carmen Carabel the *flamenco* teacher had made a sort of alliance against the Ballet School. Carmen teaches American lady tourists to manage castanets and stamp their heels and chew roses and make proud gipsy faces full of hate, so as to win fancy-dress prizes when they get home. And her father, who owns a night club, is a great friend of the Millionairess, whose husband owns the



*Prensa*. That was why the *Prensa* had printed Brunhilda's "interview." The Millionaire allows the Millionairess to censor the art and music and literature pages, to keep her out of mischief. He censors the news and the sports, to keep himself out of mischief.

Anyhow, two days before the show the Dolorous Nuns and the Little Flowers and my own Sacred Tunics said that all the girls over twelve years old would be expelled if they danced bare-legged on the stage. That's why we telegraphed you for the tights, which can't be bought here. You were splendid, Aunt May! They arrived five hours before the performance, but it was a public holiday with the customs office shut. The chief customs man happened to be the father of one of our Rain Fairies and a very kind man. He opened the office and wrote something in the book. Then he handed Olga the tights and said: "This is now to-morrow; the duty is fifty-four pesetas sixty centimos. Pay me when you like."

It was simply a marvellous show. Olga danced herself, and Bill borrowed a dress suit and conducted wildly and we all got encores and flowers and everyone said nobody would have believed Palma could produce anything so memorable and artistic. But of

course there wasn't a single word about it in the *Prensa Palmesana* next day, although their photographer had been photographing like mad and Señor Colom the music critic congratulated Olga afterwards on our great and genial display. Luckily the Admiral's niece, who is also the Governor's god-daughter, was one of our Dead-Leaf fairies. She went crying to the Governor—you can guess the rest—and next day we found a whole page of photographs in the *Prensa*.

That's all, really, except for Brunhilda's show ten days later. It wasn't Glazounov's *Four Seasons* at all, but a lot of potty little dances, done to German music, with Snowflakes and Bunnies jumping about to a gramophone which had a loud-speaker in front of it. And then these *Bailes Creativos* by the bigger girls! And the shepherdesses and fauns! And the joke was, their legs were as bare as on the beach!

Olga took us all to watch and we clapped until our hands were sore, it was so terrible. And now a Cathedral Canon has written a long article in the *Semana Catolica*, about the proclivious immorality of dancing; which means Brunhilda too. I don't know how this serial will continue in our next.

Much love and thanks,

MARGARET



# The Foot and the Snare

By GWYN THOMAS

**T**HAT August we decided to revive the Meadow Prospect carnival which had been discontinued when the spirit of gaiety in the zone dropped down dead ten years before.

The carnival was a success. The sun was out and the town was a bakery. The day brought out the usual heavy crop of people in Meadow Prospect who had an urge to look inscrutable. There were several in whom life had implanted such a sense of being caricatures they would not heed the cajolings of the Carnival Committee who tried to persuade them that they could not take part in the parade without making some little change from their normal appearance. There was Charlie Lush the Ush who collected the tickets in our cinema, the Coliseum. Charlie was proud of having been driven abnormally thin by home worries and the general atmosphere

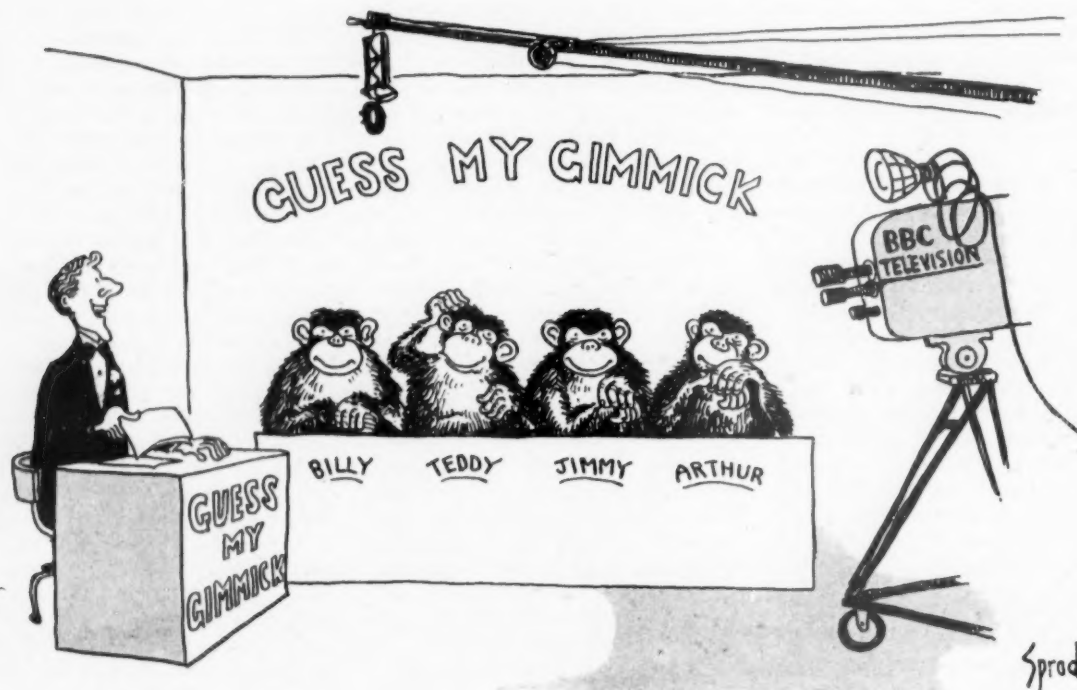
of stab-and-trip confusion up and down the aisles of the Col. He turned up at the carnival almost naked claiming to be in the character of Gandhi. Charlie had a poor time of it from the first. His wife had been busy with some other task when she had adjusted Charlie's loincloth and she had made a sloppy job of his costume. During the first few moments of the parade when Lush strode forth with a long easy stride he came within an ace of stepping right out of his sash. The Carnival Committee men were around him like flies at once.

"Have a care there, Lush. Keep a grip on that garment or there'll be trouble," shouted one of the committee men, an official from the Town Hall and a man whose face was a maze of cautions and by-laws.

This upset Charlie who was a timid man. He exhausted his whole seam of

daring in these occasional appearances on the streets with so little on. Willie Silcox the Psyche said that this exhibitionism in Charlie was due to the fact that as a ticket-collector in the Col. he spent so much time in the dark he felt the impulse once in a while to show the earth that he was really there.

The road along which the carnival marched had been freshly macadamed and this played havoc with Charlie's feet which were bare, to deepen the impression of being ascetic. He borrowed a penknife from a friend in the crowd and he tried to wrinkle the macadam out of his soles. He asked the committee men if he could sit down on the kerb and do the operation properly. The committee men talked it over and they decided that it would disqualify Lush if he went sitting down alongside



"Good evening, viewers. To-night we bring you another in the series of experimental parlour games."

the route unless sitting down was necessary to the full interpretation of the character. Charlie sought the advice of Gomer Gough and a few other members of the Debating Group at the Institute who were walking just in front of him in their ordinary clothes. They had a small banner stating that they were a tableau representing the first class in adult education ever held in the Institute. My Uncle Edwin was in the middle of them wearing his best bowler and keeping his hand up in the air as if asking a question. This was to show that the tableau was about the Socratic method of query and discussion. One in a thousand of the onlookers got the point of this.

"Gomer," said Lush, "would it be in character if I took a fairly long sit down now and then?"

"Oh, I should say so," said Gomer. "I have heard of Indian mystics who have done some of their best work seated or recumbent." He spoke directly to the committee men. "And I think the carnival would be better off for having a few intervals with Lush crouched on the kerb and out of sight."

But they stuck to their decision to outlaw Charlie if he fell out of the march for any reason at all. So there he was with as great a thickness of macadam on his feet as there was on the road, trying to remove the stuff with one hand and keeping up his loincloth with the other and getting himself into a knot that had the women along the route rolling. The chairman of the carnival committee himself watched him like a hawk as he twisted and turned, warning him that when a certain degree of self-exposure was passed Lush would be fired from the parade like a torpedo.

Then there was some more trouble. The item just behind Charlie fell out. This was a balancing act of two men on bikes and a third member with a leg on each bike trying to look as if he were at home in this position. This third man was Simeon Smiley, an amateur magician who had himself billed as Smiley the Guile. It seemed that he had read a whole series of books about circuses and now had a mania for such activities as tight-rope walking. He had not yet found in Meadow Prospect a rope tight enough to walk on, so he was making his debut as a balancer on these bikes. The cyclists were his nephews, a clownish and unreliable pair. They had

entered into the mood of ribaldry set going by Charlie and they started on a bit of buffoonery on their own account, riding without feet or hands and closing their eyes. Their bikes began to move apart to a degree where Smiley had his legs practically in a straight line and going blue in the face. We heard him tell the nephews that if they did not close their ranks and allow him to pose in his usual dignified way he would be balancing on their heads and this would be easy because his feet would be only the distance of a head from the ground. But the cyclists paid no attention and it was no time before Smiley was stretched out flat on the macadam, writhing and swearing, and the nephews went tearing along the flank of the parade, in flight from him.

This brought a girl called Moira Hallam right behind Charlie. This girl was famous for appearing in fleshly seductive rôles that got the boys spinning and the chapels blinking. We had seen her in various turn-outs as Madame Pompadour and Carmen. This time she was done up as Salome with a lot of veils and dancing from one side of the road to another, going giddy with the heat and all the sharp turns she was making, but smiling warmly all the while. And occasionally she called loudly for the head of John the Baptist to make it easier for the people to grasp who she was, just in case the dancing was not enough. In one of her pirouettes she cannoned right into Charlie who was standing still and working away with his penknife.

"Why don't you look where you are going?" shouted Moira to Charlie, who had not been moving an inch.

When they got up they quarrelled furiously and this led people to believe that they were in the same act. Seeing Charlie dressed as he was they thought it obvious that he must be John the Baptist and at once there were cries of "She's after you, John."

Several Baptists along the road were



"You can cut that out now—he's going to recover."

angry, thinking that Lush was trying to take a rise out of their congregation, and Charlie got Gomer Gough and the boys to assure these sectaries that he was Gandhi and neutral in the great clash of world religions.

Then some youths, moved by the sight of Moira Hallam and wishing to bring attention to themselves by baiting Lush, began nipping on to the route in front of him and making flat jokes, telling him that they were making inquiries about his head on behalf of Barnsley Bowen the local brawn merchant or asking him whether for the sake of securing the Middle East they couldn't interest him in a pair of braces made from Indian hemp.

"Just hold this penknife for me, Pugh," said Charlie to my Uncle Edwin, "or I'll be slicing an ear from one or two of those rodneys."

Uncle Edwin accepted the knife and said he wished man had always been as cautious in his approach to metal. Then Charlie rushed in to the attack. He was not a strong man but in the darker corners of the Col. he had worked out a few new techniques of foul fighting, and in a few seconds two



of the youths who had been tormenting him were hobbling their way into the crowd massaging their stomach and legs, with Charlie gazing after them like a veteran dacoit.

Gomer Gough at once sprang forward and collared one of the committee men who was keeping an eye on Charlie.

"Expel Lush," he said.

"What for, Gough?" asked the committee man, quite puzzled. "You've been standing up for him for the last hour. Why this change of front, boy?"

"He's stepped right out of character. He's supposed to be Gandhi and here he is outraging every article in the doctrine of non-violence by hitting those young elements bandy-legged."

"Doctrine?" said Charlie, stupefied. "What is all this prattle, Gomer? All I thought Gandhi was was thin."

Charlie slipped sadly away out of the procession. Moira Hallam, impressed by this exhibition of violence given by Charlie, looked after him in admiration and Charlie threw back a look that was full of longing and promise.

"But don't think," said the committee man, who had grown a bit sorry for Charlie in the course of the afternoon, "don't think that having got rid of Lush by that manoeuvre you will improve your own chances of the prize. I've never seen a more flatfooted turn-out than yours there. It's as bad as the thing you put on for the carnival we held ten years ago. I remember it distinctly and it still makes me sad. There you were, the whole brooding group of you, walking along in your everyday clothes, tut-tutting, shaking your heads and giving a drab look to the

whole carnival, and Willie Silcox marching in front of you with a banner which said 'Group of Voters Thinking Hard about the World Situation.'"

"We're not here for the prize," said Uncle Edwin gently. "All we intend is to strike a quiet educational note."

"Consider it struck," said the committee man. "There's a hush every time you come into view."

Then Moira Hallam danced into our orbit and she was putting twice as much flash and zeal into her performance as before for she had been told that the principal judges were standing at the next corner. The sight and touch of her disturbed our gravity and we agreed with Willie Silcox when he demanded that we close our ranks and concentrate on the task of preserving the mood of our tableau.

## Ballade to My Psycho-Analyst

I AM concerned because my mind  
Contains no subterranean lair;  
Nothing abysmal lurks behind  
My neatly brushed and parted hair;  
No hidden conflict anywhere,  
And no neurosis worth the name:  
This has reduced me to despair:  
I go about in guilt and shame.

My dreams are the pedestrian kind,  
And come with symbols sparse and bare,

As unexcited and refined  
As ever faced a censor's stare.  
They stand before the censor's chair  
And giggle as he calls their name,  
"But we have nothing to declare."  
I go about in guilt and shame.

My deep unconscious was designed  
To function with conditioned air  
And when you lift the lid you find  
No evil brew fermenting there;  
Plenty of good plain wholesome fare—  
Sardines in tins and potted game—  
But nothing high and nothing rare.  
I go about in guilt and shame.

*Envoi*

Prince, you descend my spiral stair:  
No shadows flee your candle-flame:  
Where is the fetal monster? Where?  
I go about in guilt and shame.

KENNETH LILLINGTON



# No Laughing Matter

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

SEE that the Americans are now working laughs into business by encouraging personnel managers to fire jokes at applicants for jobs. If the audience responds in accordance with psychological precepts he moves on into a cosy office chair; if not, out on to the bleak wastes of the city streets.

Yielding to none in my admiration for go-ahead American systems, I would like to point out, nevertheless, that I was using this same notion years ago, during my short term of employment with Dinkins, Tripp and Dredge. Moreover, and by a coincidence which must strike any but the writer of light articles as little short of remarkable, I used to start hiring labour with the very joke they use in America.

"Good morning," I would say briskly, while the applicant was still twisting his cap nervously. "A patient called on his doctor and asked 'What's the best thing for hives?' 'Bees,' replied the doctor."

If the applicant laughed, then I knew (just as my successor in New York is said to know) that he was a man with a "realistic attitude, a cheerful disposition, and ability to accept minor misfortunes matter-of-factly." If not, his attitude was idealistic, his disposition melancholy and his resilience in the face of adverse circumstances nil (I suppose).

It was as simple as that. Except for the complications.

These were not few. One was that, after a busy morning's interviewing, I would sometimes get my lines wrong. I would make the patient in the story ask the doctor "What's the best thing for bees?" and the doctor was then left with no alternative but to reply "Hives." This wouldn't have mattered so much if the man I was interviewing hadn't usually laughed more heartily at this version than his immediate predecessor had at the correct one. It put me in an awkward fix, this, because my briefing from the staff psychologist had made no provision for it.

Another difficulty was the nervous laugh which most applicants brought with them anyway. When I said "Good morning. A patient called on his doctor—" they would go off into a cadenza of falsetto titters. When some-

thing in my expression restored sobriety, and I completed the story, they would fix me with a constrained glare, like men who want to swallow but don't know whether there's time before they may be called upon to utter. On the line "Bees" there would be a hush. Then they would often say "Yes," or something about the weather.

Some men were very much delayed in their reactions. Unable at first to believe that they were on funny-story terms with me so early in our association they ignored the joke altogether, standing with downcast eyes as if they had caught me finishing a conversation with a third party, who, unknown to me, had left the room. Then, some time later, not knowing that I had already written them off as chronic anxiety-subjects and was only chatting to taper the interview off in a painless manner, they suddenly roared with laughter when I was discussing my Schedule E troubles, or the damp patch in the sitting-room.

When that happened I had to exercise stern control, reminding myself that nothing personal was intended and, moreover, that my hasty diagnosis was due for revision. A man who can laugh at a joke like that *after he has thought it over* may be the most realistic, cheerful and philosophical of a whole morning's candidates after all.

Another conviction that grew upon me gradually was that the experiment could well throw up qualities in the candidate which were strictly outside its scope. It is all very well to staff a concern from top to bottom with realistic, cheerful and philosophical workers, but somewhere you need a man with a logical mind. How did I stand, for example, when, after my standard opening, the candidate spoke up loudly and without delay, saying "Thirty-six hours in bed."

"What?"

"Thirty-six hours in bed. Rest. That's the best thing for hives. Never heard of bees as a remedy. Quiet. Relaxation. No excitement. Skin clears at once. Back at work in two days, fit as a fiddle."

"It's a joke." I felt bound to explain a bit. "You're supposed to laugh, prove your realistic attitude and—"

"Nothing realistic about laughing at hives," the man would say, still right on the beam. "Ignore nature's warnings—finish. Common sense. Suppose I came out this minute in an eruptive rash similar to chicken-pox. Should I laugh? Would you? If the—"

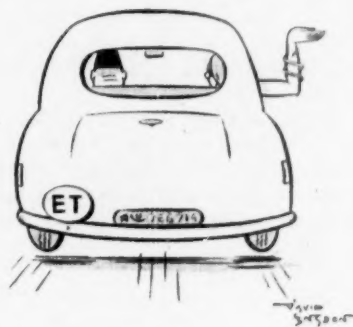
"All right, all right," I would say. "The staff psycho. is going to kill me for this, but you're hired."

However, the biggest snag I found in the system was that pretty often I used to laugh first. I would get the lines spoken as far as the word hives. Then, when I was going to bring out the doctor's witty comeback the comicality of the thing would strike me afresh and I'd roll about helplessly. In that event the applicant's laughter, being purely sympathetic, didn't count for very much, and the problem of deciding, in the circumstances, whether to bring him in or push him out assumed huge proportions, and often kept me awake, even after lunch.

As I told Mr. Dinkins, it's no good worrying all the time. He agreed. He said he was worried too. And giving me a rather peculiar sideways look he said "A patient called on his doctor and asked—"

I was fired on the Friday.

I don't know what the New York people are feeling about it, but my own conclusion was that if you want to retain a realistic attitude, a cheerful disposition and an ability to accept minor misfortunes matter-of-factly, you'll do better to keep laughter out of your business. I'm sure it pays in the end.



# Poor Man's Lawyer

By GEOFFREY LINCOLN



OPINIONS are divided as to the best way of spending the first uneventful, unremunerative years at the Bar. Some remain disconsolately in their Chambers playing cricket in the passages or learning *gros-point*; others venture out into the world in the hope that some solicitor's daughter will propose marriage to them or that they may have the opportunity of saving a solicitors' clerk from drowning; some even sit in the Law Courts listening, with surprise, to the great advocates of their day and wondering how they got their practices. The time will come, however, when they all begin to wonder if they will ever open their mouths in court. It is then that someone is bound to say "Have you ever thought of being a poor man's lawyer?"

Offices of poor men's lawyers are run in various parts of London, usually as an annexe to the more vital parts of the social services which consist of ping-pong and lectures on the New Orleans style of jazz illustrated with gramophone records. The volunteer lawyer arrives in the early evening and sits sadly in an office gazing at a photograph of King George V and listening to the nearby strains of Meade Lux Lewis. In the outer office the volunteer lady help is sorting out the clients, reducing their stories to one incomprehensible paragraph dotted with exclamation marks and written with indignant splutters of her cross-nibbed pen.

Inside the volunteer solicitor says to the volunteer barrister: "Wonderful opportunities for gaining experience down here, you know. Why, you might even pick up a murder one night down here." Together they look out wistfully at the East End street and the dark mass of buildings, as if hoping for a scream.

In fact, of course, the opportunities are wonderful, although an innocent accused of murder is unlikely to drop in during the course of the evening. There are opportunities for expounding the rent acts to mothers who, without baby-sitters, have their two youngest on their laps, gazing open-eyed and sceptical at the barrister who, in the face of that infant stare, slowly begins to lose confidence in the soundness of his

advice. Moreover he can, if he thinks the cases are such that they need representing in the local County or Magistrates' Courts, get himself a brief from the solicitor who runs the office, even if it means writing it out himself. He can also write two guineas on the front, which, though in all probability it will never be paid, at least begins to give him the illusion of being employed.

Although the Legal Aid Act, which was passed in 1949, has been successful in releasing a stream of defended divorce actions on the High Court, those sections of it which provided for setting up legal advice centres and giving assistance in the lower and most popular courts have never been put into force. In consequence, legal advice is still given, for half a crown in the box, among the tea urns in the social clubs, and East End police courts often have two or three young men with names on their briefs which may have been written in their own handwriting. They learn a lot, how to deal with London magistrates for one thing; and no advocate who can efficiently keep at bay a hostile magistrate is going to have the slightest trouble with any High Court Judge, Law Lord or Lord of Appeal. They also learn how to conduct and even win cases in which all the witnesses are either stone deaf, Polish, or terrified of the police or, most frequently, all three at once.

But there are great satisfactions: injustices which probably escaped the lady in the outer office are occasionally corrected, mothers recover their

children or families preserve their flats with the help of the poor man's barrister. Often, too, more doubtful cases are won. Recently a bastardy summons was taken out against the hero of the social club, the fly-weight champion of a group of East London Boys' Clubs. The accusation was indignantly denied. At the time in question he had been in strict training. It was a point of honour to defend him. Accordingly a poor man's lawyer was briefed for the hypothetical two guineas. Exercising his by now practised snake-charmer's power over the hostile court, he got the magistrate, grumbling, to admit that although he was personally satisfied it was all true he supposed the charge hadn't been made out in law. On his way out the barrister noticed that the court was full of girls about the same age as the complainant. He asked the boy about this and was told that they were all girls from his street who had agreed to regard this as a test case; if he had been defeated they would all have taken out summonses. He then produced five pounds in notes which, unfortunately, the etiquette of the Bar prevented the barrister from accepting.

As the years go by the poor man's barrister begins to receive briefs which have been typed out by other people, marked with figures which represent real money. He appears in courts where the habit of shouting from the Bench is kept more or less under control. In time, to the injury of his soul, he refuses to do anything at all for nothing. It is doubtful, however, if any of his subsequent victories will elate him more than those he obtained, after three adjournments for a fortnight, in the East End courts. It is also useful to remember, if you are in trouble with the law, that until the advice centres are set up you can get an enthusiastic, if immature, opinion for only half a crown in the box.

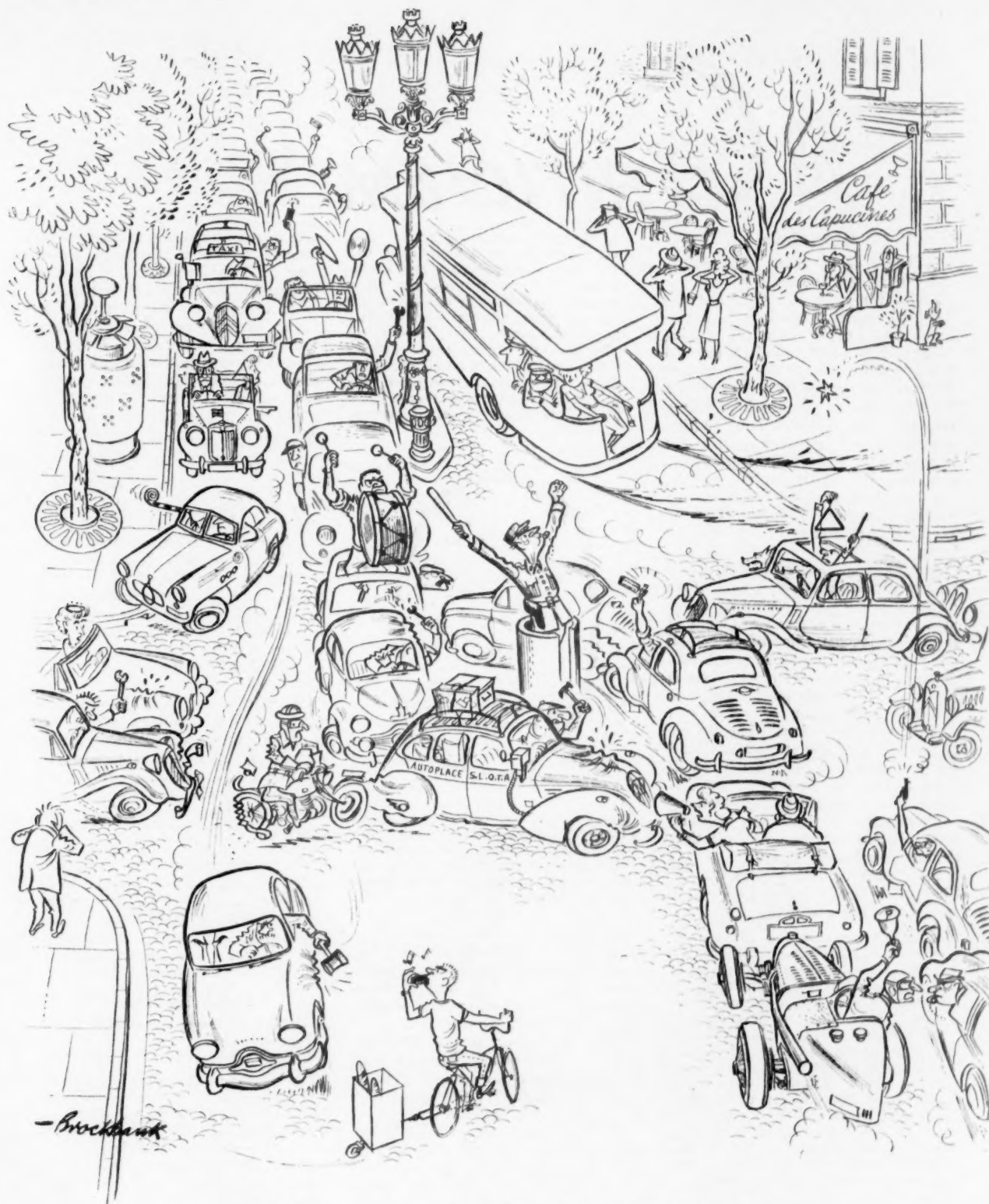
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## 2D is Here

"Kenya's Jonathan Lenemuria (Rift Valley) smashed the Empire Games long jump record by an inch when he cleared six feet seven inches in the high jump event of the interterritorial athletics tournament between Uganda and Kenya at the Nakivubo Stadium, Kampala, on Saturday."

African paper





From August 1 hooting is forbidden by day as well as by night in Paris.





# CRITICISM

## The Mode

**The Glass of Fashion.** Cecil Beaton.  
Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 21/-

THE wrapper of Mr. Cecil Beaton's book carries the sub-title "a personal history of fifty years of changing tastes and the people who have inspired them," with the result that the volume has been reviewed, as often as not, as a kind of technical handbook of half a century of dressmaking. This is a pity, because such an approach must fail to appreciate the individual nature of the comment. Perhaps the publishers hoped that the word "personal" would convey a fuller meaning. Certainly it is the personal touch that sets the tone of the book.

Indeed, *The Glass of Fashion* might almost be called an *apologia pro vita sua* of one who has regarded fashion as his aim. The author makes a real effort in it to describe his point of view, and although severely utilitarian people may flinch from systematic frivolity, there is a great deal of basic good sense here and also appreciation of when—and when not—to be serious. The essence of fashion is, of course, that it should not be serious; but Mr. Beaton is well aware that, for this very reason, fashion can obtain a sinister strangle-hold on painters, writers, musicians, dancers, actors, in fact everyone who practises the arts, in whatever manner.

For example, of the French painter, Christian Bérard, of whom he gives an excellent account, he writes:

"Many times during his frantic, overcrowded life Bérard said that he would give up designing in the theatre, eschewing all his many other more frivolous activities in order to restrain himself to being a serious painter. But fashion's deadly toxin had made serious inroads, and some irresistible offer would soon beguile him back to the footlights. He would then illustrate more books, design more dress materials, handkerchiefs or scarves, or give his inimitable flourish to decorations on glass or china. All of this work even the most meretricious, was touched by a flicker of his genius."

Again, of Cole Porter, the composer of jazz:

"Yet for all his cleverness, Cole Porter seems at times oddly ill at ease. He relaxes only with very simple people. There is even something tragic about him, as though behind his rubber mask another face, another personality, were waiting to be freed. The task of receiving the fleeting impressions of the age and translating them into music has perhaps prevented him from ever getting to know himself, to discover himself beneath



the web of fashion that he has of necessity woven round him. Cole Porter is the paradox of all creators who work in temporary media: he combines the despair and the triumph of the Juggler of Notre Dame in himself."

Bérard was not alone in being thus placed; nor is Cole Porter. Indeed, it is doubtful whether there was ever a period when the arts became more hopelessly involved with passing fashion than in the years between the wars. Certainly M. Picasso, possibly the most eminent painter of his generation, has done little to convey a sense of security to those who hope for art comparatively unswayed by fashionable whims.

However, that is, after all, the darker side of the picture. Mr. Beaton is on the whole concerned to point out the good and amusing side of the goddess, rather than to chronicle the frightful casualties to be laid at her door. Even so, there

are moments when he, too, seems to feel himself as much a prisoner as a guest (perhaps I should say host) in fashion's gorgeous, if chilly and haunted, castle.

He begins with an account of his Aunt Jessie, wife of the Bolivian Minister in London. Aunt Jessie first opened his eyes to the attractions of a glamorous life. Mr. Beaton gives an extraordinarily funny account of Edwardian ways seen through the eyes of a child. Many readers will regret that Aunt Jessie disappears comparatively early in the book.

There are many strands to be unsorted—from "the Souls" to the Russian Ballet. (But surely "the Souls" could hardly be dated as "towards the end of the Edwardian age"? It was already a second generation of them by then, their initial appearance being as far back as the 'eighties.) We are shown how the ballet and Poiret between them "sent women off to the races wearing turbans and padded kimonos embroidered in gold peacocks . . ."

Mr. Beaton is convincing in his contention that it would be a dull and depressing world without the operation of fashion. He hovers here and there, drawing attention to salient points that have attracted his attention. At times his survey may shade off into the manner of the chatty article, but there is much here that is of real interest, shrewd, acid assessments of personalities of whom some record should certainly remain, while the many drawings that illustrate the text have acquired a delicate and authoritative line.

ANTHONY POWELL

## English Institution

**A Galaxy of Governesses.** Bea Howe.  
Verschoyle, 15/-

This is an entertaining account of a now doomed profession. One of the first recorded governesses was King Alfred's Eifgifu, and the earliest of their "success stories"—as remarkable as the later crashing of *Debrett* by the Gaiety Girls—was Catherine Swynford's marriage to John of Gaunt. The Tudor period was their golden age, when such women as Queen Elizabeth's Katherine

Ashley and Mistress Hamblyn of Laycock Abbey won deep respect.

In the nineteenth century the number of governesses rose steeply (in the 'forties over a hundred, most of them daughters of parsons and officers, advertised daily in *The Times*), and in spite of the efforts of Charlotte Yonge and Harriet Martineau many were abominably treated by the new middle class. Miss Howe has been greatly helped by the fact that governesses were by nature diarists, and some of her fullest case-histories are of the Victorian women who went abroad to royal nurseries, a hand-picked British fifth column with enormous influence.

E. O. D. K.

**I Play As I Please.** Humphrey Lyttelton. Macgibbon and Kee, 15/-

Despite the pressure of an ancestry consisting almost wholly of famous administrators and legislators, Mr. Lyttelton chose, after the traditional education of Eton and the Grenadiers, to go in for playing the trumpet and cartooning. What he plays on his trumpet is jazz, and he does it superbly. It is a pity then that the bits of his autobiography which deal with the later musical side of his career should be the dullest, consisting often of a ramble of names. The other two-thirds, family, Eton, war, Fleet Street, all taken to the sound of the trumpet, is very entertaining. There is a fascinating, mainly serious, dazed account of the Salerno beachhead.

P. D.

**Melodrama.** M. Willson Disher. Rockliff, 25/-

At Drury Lane, in 1880, the ingenious authors of *The World* managed to drag in an exploding ship, a mutiny, a raft full of dead and dying, a man falsely shut in an asylum, and a villain taking a header down a lift-shaft while trying to compromise a woman's honour; and were praised by Clement Scott for dealing in "generous sentiment." Melodrama got into its stride about 1850, and still survives in the cinema, where mass audiences are suited by the convenient formula that sin is grand so long as innocence triumphs in the end.

Mr. Disher's encyclopaedic knowledge of the Victorian theatre leads him sometimes into congested writing, but his information is valuable and he comments shrewdly on the wider implications of melodrama and on the social changes which affected it. Much of its dialogue was quite idiotic; that spectacle and gesture were what mattered is made clear in the many excellent illustrations from the Mander and Mitchenson collection.

E. O. D. K.

**Margaret of Austria, Regent of the Netherlands.** Jane de Longh. Cape, 18/-

The dynastic kaleidoscope of the sixteenth century is often obscure. Dr. Longh's biography, admirably done out of the Dutch, makes it come alive. Granddaughter of Charles the Bold, and

daughter of the picturesque but insolvent Emperor Maximilian, Margaret married first the King of France, then the heir of Spain, then, happily but briefly, Philibert of Savoy. Through her brother, heir of Burgundy, who married Juana, the insane heiress of Ferdinand and Isabella, she was aunt to Charles V, whose cumbrous power sprawled across half the continent.

Brought up mainly at the sophisticated French Court, Margaret felt most at home among the hard-headed, wealthy Flemings. As Regent, over crucial years, she maintained Hapsburg power in its economic base. She could handle that slippery customer, Wolsey, for whom she tactfully provided "a luxurious red velvet litter, upholstered in green satin so that the purple should stand out."

Dr. Longh has skilfully, but not excessively, dramatized her theme. Though dons may blink when she cuts the knots of notorious problems, she paints an effective picture of the strange characters whose temperaments then decided the fate of Europe.

J. E. B.

**The King's Man.** Félicien Marceau. Arthur Barker, 12/6

No one longing for an excursion into the rarefied airs of Ruritania or the cloak-and-dagger darkness of Dumasland should try to travel via this clever philosophical novel in spite of its promising title. The kingdom in which its story is set is so like modern France that it would not be surprising to find the characters driving up to the Gare du Nord, romance has given way to a world of politics not unlike ours of to-day, and a mistress, faithful unto middle-age, though she embarked on her career chiefly to help on that of her former lover, takes the place of lovely innocence as leading lady. The principal of many characters are an ignoble man and woman and a prince whom she describes, not unjustly, as "a baby." In the course of years prince becomes king, the flesh a temple of kindness, and power itself the opportunity to serve their country. M. Marceau seems to be well served by his translators, David Hughes and Marie-Jacqueline Mason.

B. E. S.

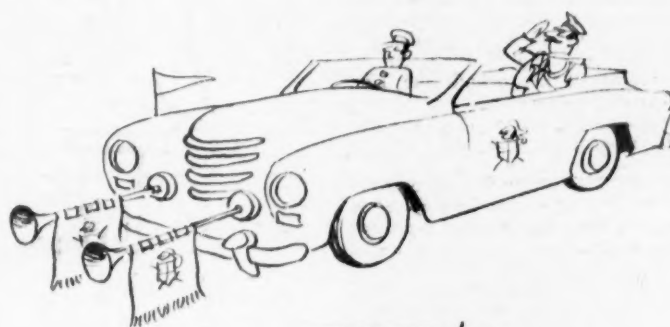
**Jones: A Gentleman of Wales.** Twm Teg. Chapman and Hall, 12/6

Peacock has many things to answer for, from *Crome Yellow* to this portrait of a Whimsical Philosopher living in Central Wales and busying himself with Speculative Crotchets, Priapic Encounters and Eccentric Neighbours. His career is unfolded in direct narrative, in burlesque journalese, in letters and in extracts from his journals, together with such inserted delights as songs. All this is not nearly as appalling as it sounds. Somehow, by some obstinate individuality of mind and diction, the author overcomes the obvious difficulties. His philosophy is too cut up into short conversational exchanges to be intelligible, but it sounds well, and some of his torrents of Celtic exuberance are both funny and fine. Beginning with a violent prejudice against this kind of book, based on the fear that if I ever wrote a book it might come out that way, I was soon won over. Worth trying as an agreeable oddity and perhaps worth storing away with an eye on the writer's future.

R. G. G. P.

**Daniel Defoe: A Study in Conflict.** Brian FitzGerald. Secker and Warburg, 18/-

The author of *Robinson Crusoe* was an incorrigible capitalist. Mr. Brian FitzGerald, it appears, is a disciple of the late Professor Laski. How, then, shall the second account for his enthusiasm for the first? The answer may be found in the sub-title of a lively, if not entirely convincing, essay in biographical interpretation. Whatever the obliquity of Defoe's commercial and political transactions he was always at heart a reformer, with a highly developed social conscience. He was a child of John Lilburne and an ancestor of Tom Paine. Mr. FitzGerald's exposition of his thesis is picturesque, rhetorical and something repetitive. His historical statements are occasionally odd, as that Charles I died "for treason to his people" or that Sedgemoor was "the lost battle of English liberty." But if his hero looks rather more like a Chartist than probably he was, there is no questioning his response to the fascination of that prodigious



half-century between the Stuart restoration and the death of Queen Anne. And the use he makes of Defoe's self-revelations is undeniably effective.

F. B.

**Brighton. Old Ocean's Bauble.** Edmund W. Gilbert. Methuen, 25/-

When Dr. Richard Russell, in 1750, discovered the medicinal benefits of sea-water he became "*l'inventeur de la mer*," the patron saint of a new tourist industry and the founder of Brighton. Once he had realized that salt water preserved the lungs, prevented consumption and improved the teeth, and that massage with Brighton seaweed was remarkably beneficial, the future county borough was established. Nervous invalids began to feel "more vigour and energy at Brighton than at almost any other place," while "the direct inhalation of saline particles" proved an unrivalled cure for "the relaxed sore throat, so frequently met with amongst clergymen." And even if Brighton did not agree with the patient, it agreed exceedingly well with his wife and family; it found such favour with royalty that the Prince of Wales selected it as the site for his marine pavilion, which combined "the characteristics of a Turkish Harem and a Russian Kremlin." Society was still disporting itself in Florizel's Folly when the earliest trippers strolled along the Chain Pier, that "miracle of science." There are many diverting details in the latest history of the town, and in the days of the *Brighton Belle* it is pleasant to recall them.

J. R.

**Escape from Paradise.** Edited by C. A. Smith. Hollis and Carter, 16/-

The personal experiences and sufferings of seven people of various nationalities, religions and political views who escaped from the barbaric treatment of Communism, and of one who did not escape, are collected together by Dr. Smith in this book to which he contributes a vigorous epilogue calling for action to defeat Communism because he says "the Iron Curtain is not a fixture—it is the moving wall of a prison and it is moving westward." This book, containing true stories covering various periods during and after the last war and the conditions in Rumania, Poland and Bulgaria as well as Soviet Russia, is a contribution to telling the West some of the truth about life behind the Iron Curtain and the reasons why only sixteen Soviet Estonians out of 110,000 away from their country in February 1946 had asked to be repatriated.

The spirit claimed by Wordsworth for Englishmen "We must be free or die" is the spirit of those thousands of people of different nationalities, religions and social position who have tried to escape from Communist-dominated countries and seek a country where they can express freedom of thought, speech, worship and politics.

A. V.

**Jumping Joan.** C. H. B. Kitchin. Secker and Warburg, 12/6

Mr. Kitchin's is one of those modest, not-too-prolific talents which are apt to be unjustly neglected. He first made his name in the 'twenties, with a "highbrow" detective story—*Death of My Aunt*—and has since written several other whodunits, besides half a dozen "serious" novels; but the two categories are not, in his case, wholly to be distinguished, for in all his work there is an element of the macabre, often with a tinge of the supernatural, and every one of his stories displays a notable gift for narrative and for the creation of suspense. Altogether, he is an admirable writer: preoccupied largely, perhaps, with his own unique and idiosyncratic private vision, yet possessing a faculty for apprehending the modern scene which younger and more "advanced" novelists might well envy.

The present collection of stories shows him at his best. Here, again, the narrative is always taut and economical, and in several pieces he achieves a remarkable and characteristic blend of realism and fantasy; he seldom writes directly of the supernatural, but most adroitly contrives that we shall feel its presence in the background—in the dreary Surrey garden or in the mean streets of some remote decaying suburb.

A most accomplished and enjoyable book, which shouldn't be missed. J. B.



## AT THE PLAY

*Murder Story* (CAMBRIDGE)

**M**URDER *Story* is about a backward boy, sucked into crime by spiv friends and in at the kill of a policeman. He hasn't fired the shot, but he has a cosh in his pocket and is hanged. This might have served for a hysterical drama, but LUDOVIC KENNEDY has written a quietly sincere play with a second act that is imaginative and moving. Occasionally his determination to avoid emotional fireworks goes too far, as in the scene of the boy's arrest, where his respectable parents register their grief in such a minor key that for the moment one ceases to believe in them. But the play gains by its tact.

With the exception of the second act the dialogue is inclined to be conventional, the kind of conversation we have heard so often in plays about decent cockney families that sometimes the next line can be guessed. Mr. KENNEDY is at such pains to put the boy's case fairly that the first act becomes slow and detailed realism. The father is a cheerful, easy-going bus-conductor (subject—a sentimental stroke which blurs the issue—to heart attacks) who had been brought up the hard way himself and has therefore spoilt his son. The mother keeps the home like a new pin and tries to instil a



Jim Tanner—MR. DONALD BRADLEY  
Prison Officer Graves—MR. KENNETH OUTWIN

[*Murder Story*]



little discipline. Their daughter does them credit, but Jim is nearly a Steinbeck character, unable to read or write, shut up in himself, and still playing with toy soldiers.

The argument is against capital punishment, and would have been stronger if Jim had been a criminal type and had taken an active part in the murder. As it is, everyone in the prison, from the Governor downwards, grows fond of him, and all are agreed he should get off. This doesn't take us very far. If you feel strongly about capital punishment, at any rate for the young, I should have thought the only case which settles anything is that of the absolutely revolting specimen, like Jim's pal in the next cell, who carries a gun and uses it.

A further weakness in the plan is that Jim's tidy family background makes his illiteracy incredible. If his parents had been too lazy—which they weren't—his energetic sister would quickly have seen to it. And that he wasn't so hard to teach is proved when a fatherly warder brings him to a passion for *The Wind in the Willows* in what must have been record time.

These faults aside, the second act has undoubted quality. Between them the padre and the warder who wins a moral battle over his horror at his job gradually thaw Jim out of his dumb isolation, giving him his first excitement in books and his first intimation of God; and the tragic irony of his too late awakening is handled beautifully. If Mr. KENNEDY can write a whole play on this level it will be very good.

The cast has no stars, and although obviously more could be done with some of the parts there is nothing patchy in JOHN MCKELVEY's production. The most interesting acting comes from DONALD BRADLEY's Jim, an honest and sensitive performance that rises well to the difficulties of the prison scenes, from CHARLES STAPLEY's young padre and from KENNETH OUTWIN's warder.

#### Recommended

Mary Morris in *Six Characters in Search of an Author* (St. James's). *Meet a Body* (Duke of York's), a fresh slightly criminal farce. *Witness for the Prosecution* (Winter Garden), still the most exciting crime play in London.

ERIC KEOWN

### AT THE PICTURES



*Rendezvous de Juillet*  
*Stratford Adventure*

LATE—it was shown, and got quite favourable critical attention, at the Cannes Festival in 1949—*Rendezvous de Juillet* (Director: JACQUES BECKER) arrives in London as the only new feature film to be press-shown in the week. It is perhaps a bit slight and special in appeal for such a responsible position, but I enjoyed it. According to the records I have been able to consult, about forty or fifty minutes must have

been cut since the Cannes showing; this is unfortunate in that it makes the story somewhat jerky and difficult to follow in detail. But the mere what-happened-then, and a precise understanding of the motives of the characters, have very little to do with the pleasure one can get from such a picture as this.

It is about a group of lively, unsettled young people in Paris, their rickety existence and impermanent loves. The focus shifts, but the one we see most of is Lucien (DANIEL GÉLIN), who is determined (to the annoyance of his parents) to be an explorer and lead an African expedition, with some of the others as working members of the party. This determination of his, in fact, is the framework of the story: at the beginning there is a scene with his disapproving parents, his efforts to get financial backing for the expedition directly or indirectly affect his behaviour throughout, and the final sequence has the party eagerly setting off in the plane for Brazzaville.

Two girls who come to see them off have been mostly concerned with careers on the stage. There are scenes of rehearsal involving several of the group—one of whom wrote the play—and there are scenes in a dive where another plays in a jazz band.

The perpetual variety of incidental scene and detail is one of the picture's most valuable qualities. The other end of a telephone conversation catches and stimulates the attention the more strongly because the speaker is seen to have carried the telephone out on to a balcony above the street; and again it is oddly pleasing, as we move into the cellar where the musicians rehearse, to observe somebody in a corner mending a puncture in a bicycle-tyre.

Because of those cuts, it is difficult to be sure about the editing: the missing fifty minutes may have been removed anywhere. But there still are plenty of points that seem to show skilful cutting for dramatic or amusing effect (from a quiet scene to sudden noise, or from people going down to others going up stairs), and the photography (CLAUDE RENOIR) is notably attractive. It's not a first-rate or "significant" film, but it is highly entertaining. And the jazz playing (CLAUDE LUTER and his orchestra) should please all who got rhythm without being obtrusive enough to annoy those who ain't.

All we have left this week—apart from a very welcome revival that will be new to many, the original German version (1929) of *The Blue Angel*—are documentaries of varying length. The longest and most important, *Stratford Adventure* (Director: MORTEN PARKER) was press-shown with two others in a group produced by the National Film Board of Canada. It is an interesting and amusing forty minutes in Eastman-color about the conception and arrangement of a Shakespeare Festival in the

SHERIFFS



[Rendezvous de Juillet

Lucien Bonnard—DANIEL GÉLIN  
Therese Richard—BRIGITTE AUBER

little Canadian town of Stratford. Importing British stars (ALEC GUINNESS and IRVINE WORTH) and a British producer (TYRONE GUTHRIE), the Canadian enthusiasts made a triumphant success of their Festival in 1953, and (as the commentary observes in possibly unintentional blank verse) "Each summer now, the Festival will play . . ."

From the first battles against scepticism and against suspicious care for "the taxpayers' money," through the preparation and rehearsals—it is delightful to watch Mr. GUTHRIE in action, reminding one of the ghosts in *Richard III* that his head has been chopped off ("Try and find some idea that'll express that")—to the eventual success, the little film is pleasantly and entertainingly done.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The most striking film in London is probably the Brazilian *The Bandit* (21/7/54). Excitement of a more usual kind is to be found in HITCHCOCK's *Dial M for Murder* (28/7/54), and *Night People* (14/7/54) is well-done topical entertainment. *The Living Desert* (2/6/54) is still available, and the excellent *Executive Suite* (30/6/54) has moved on to the Astoria and the Tivoli.

Only one of the releases was press-shown, and I wouldn't recommend it. Earlier ones worth remembering: *The Stranger's Hand*, a good Graham Greene story, and *Knave of Hearts* (26/5/54).

RICHARD MALLETT



## ON THE AIR

Stones Without Sermons

TELEVISION producers from many countries have been attending a conference in London organized by UNESCO, and from all accounts the resultant pooling of ideas, techniques and experiences has proved highly stimulating and fruitful. The world is learning very rapidly to appreciate the immense possibilities of this new medium, and it is important during these formative years that there should be the closest co-operation at all levels of production. Television can give us the first truly international language—the moving picture; it can form the basis of an international system of education, and it could do more to promote international understanding than all the wordy debates of the politicians.

The other evening viewers were able to see something of the work of the conference in a half-hour programme called "The Influence of Television." We heard little that was new from the coterie of producers assembled in the studio. The Russian delegates were content to enumerate the cultural items offered through the five hundred thousand receivers already in operation in the Soviet Union; the Italian delegate gave an illustration of the "play-back" technique of fitting action to recorded music; a French producer, a delightful personality, described the setting up of communal TV receivers in remote villages; and an American dotted the "i"s and crossed the "t"s of all those critics who have been belabouring the B.B.C.'s "News and Newsreel" programme. And finally there was Andrew Miller-Jones, one of the most reliable and progressive of the Lime Grove team,



[Variety Parade  
Mr. John Hanson Mr. Tommy Trinder Miss Billie Anthony

to speak up for Britain, Eurovision and the possibility of a Transatlantic TV hook-up.

My one preoccupation during this meeting was the nagging fear that the overseas delegates might have spent the same evening looking-in at some of the worst programmes ever perpetrated—a sequence of three items, *The Grove Family*, *Ask Pickles* and *Side Show*, so tasteless and cheap that they seemed to mock the third and fifth letters of the word UNESCO.

Fortunately there was some relief from this welter of trash in a neat programme in the series *Buried Treasure*. Glyn Daniel, Stuart Piggott and Richard Atkinson discussed Stonehenge, demonstrated with models and film exactly how the great stones may have been transported and erected, exploded many of the theories found in the text-books, and managed to be vastly entertaining in spite of their formidable display of erudition. There were no dry sermons in these stones. Paul Johnstone, who devised and

produced the programme, improves with every assignment.

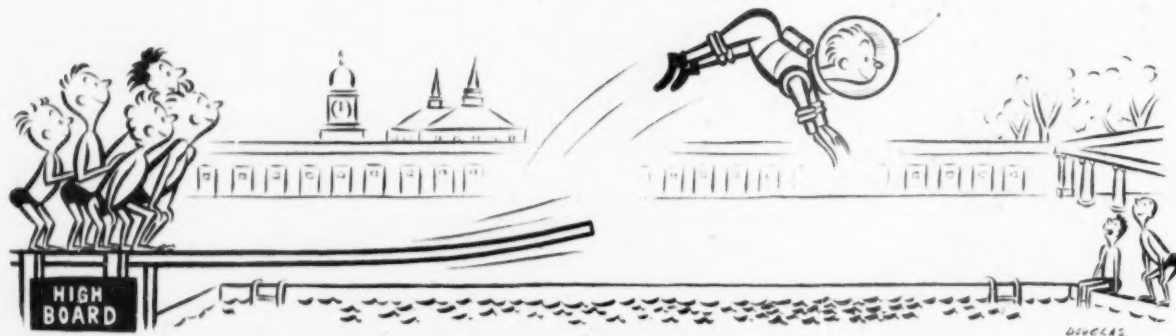
I had hoped that the return of Tommy Trinder would raise the standard of *Variety Parade* by a few points. In the past I have admired his cheeky, over-confident brand of ribaldry, and on this occasion there were certainly echoes of his old mastery; but on the whole his programme was a bitter disappointment. He had nothing new to offer. Like any other television comic he gagged far too much about the cameras, the microphones, the miserliness of the B.B.C. Programme Contracts Department and the stupidity of his audience. He employed a stooge of the most obvious and distressing imbecility, and his patter seldom rose above the level of "101 Jokes for

After-dinner Speakers."

It is a sad fact that the stars of television comedy all appear as clowns with a chip on the shoulder. "I'm funny," they yell, "but you lot are too slow in the uptake. I'm a star, otherwise I shouldn't be able to browbeat the leader of the orchestra, be so daring in my criticism of my employers or so familiar with the names of my colleagues and competitors." The ritual—imported I suspect from America—has become terribly stale, and it surprises me that so few of our rising comedians have the wit to eschew it.

Finally a word of praise for all those concerned in the production and projection of the Proms. The cameras and microphones behaved handsomely on the opening night and gave us memorable performances of Prokofiev's Piano Concerto No. 3 in C, "Till Eulenspiegel" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The zoom lenses were used very effectively and Alvar Liddell's introductions were refreshingly free from pomposity.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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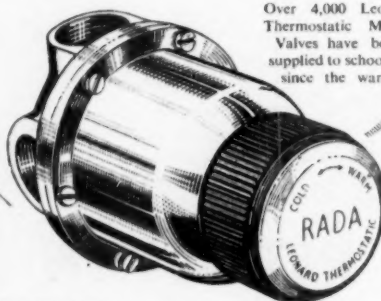
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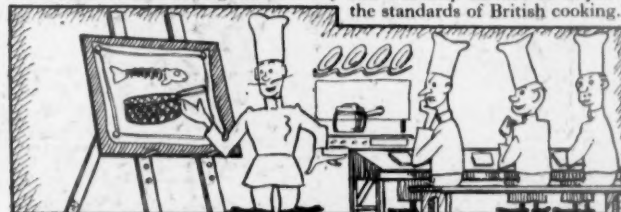


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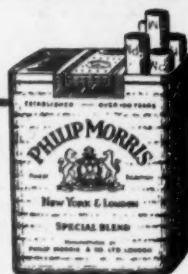
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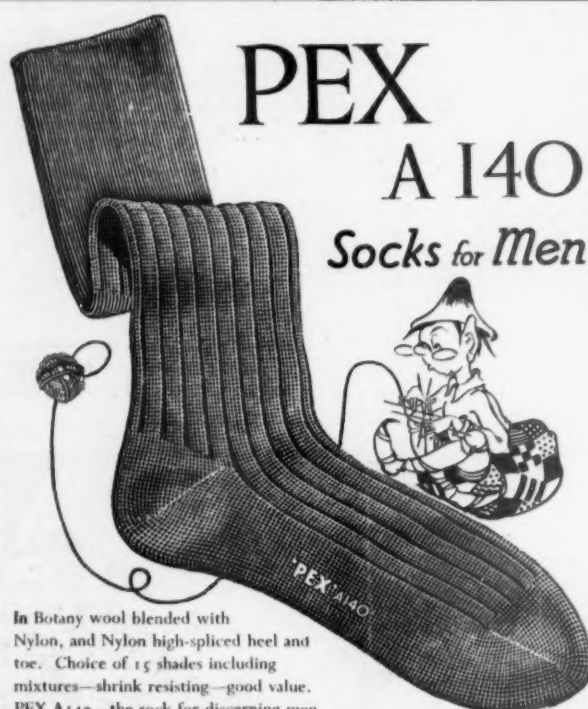
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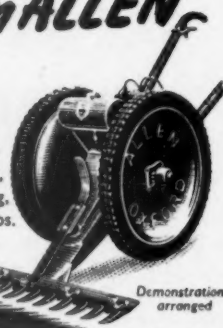
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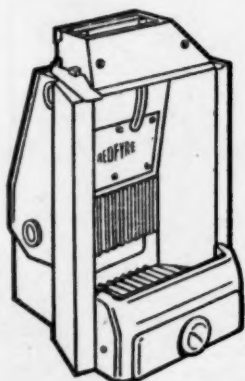
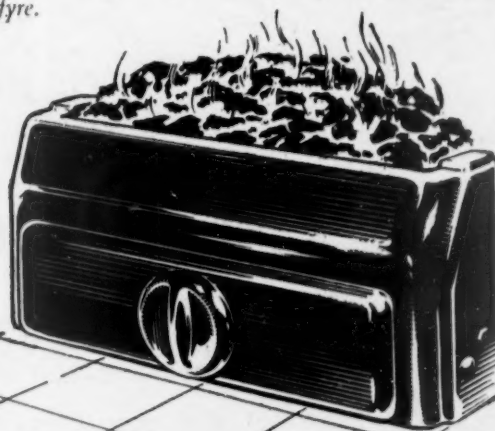
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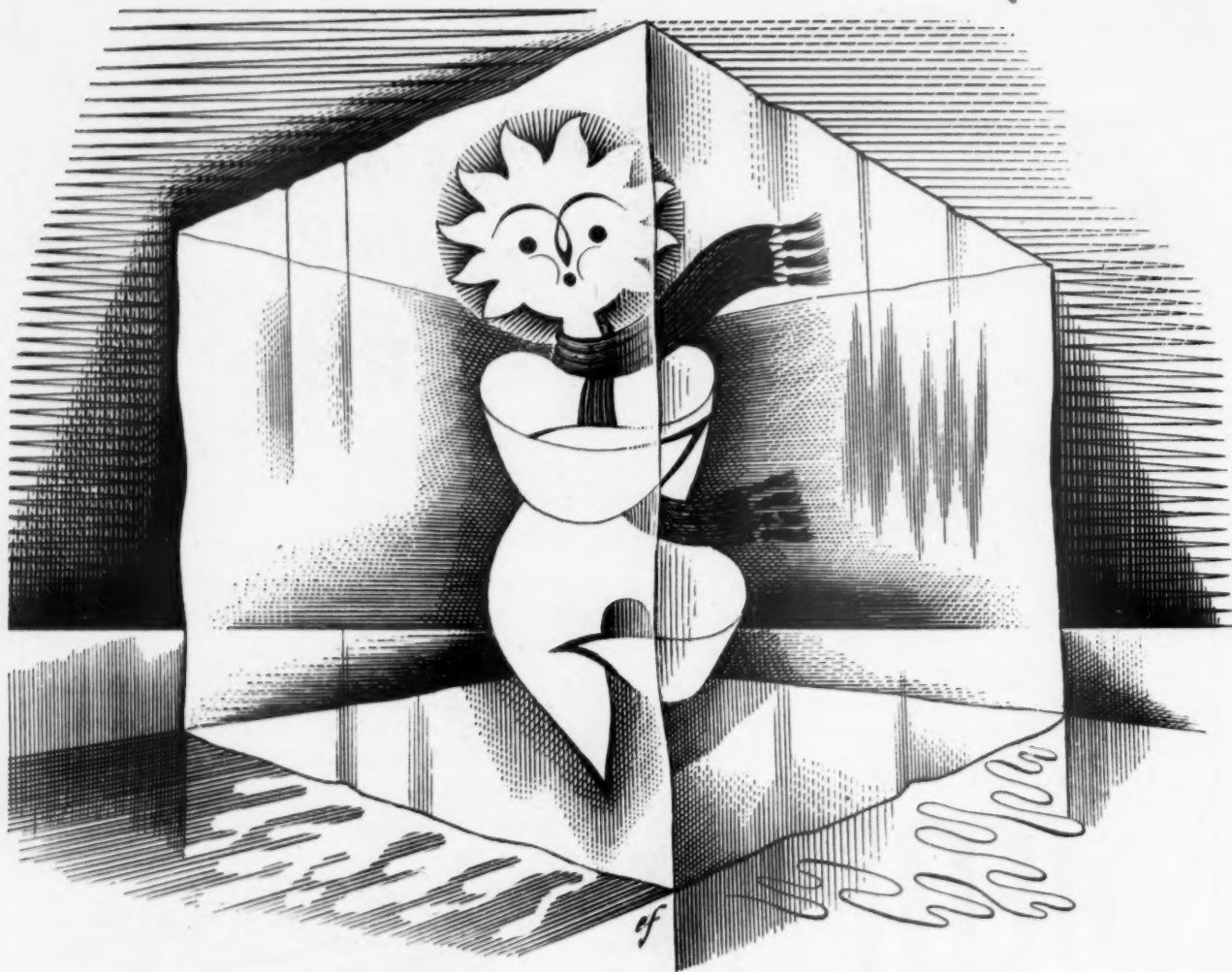


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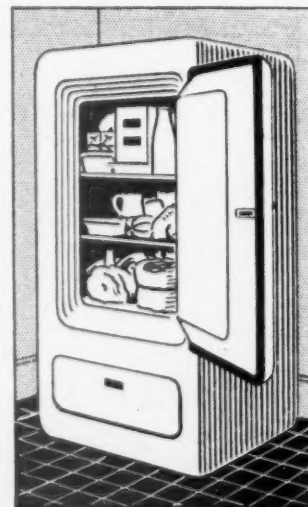


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*Tell the Judges to wait 15 minutes—*

*I'm just enjoying a*

**CHURCHMAN'S No. 1**

CHURCHMAN'S No. 1, THE 15-MINUTE CIGARETTE  
C28E

**Unruffled . . .** Hair groomed with Silvikrin Hair Cream adds remarkably to a man's sense of cool self-possession. For Silvikrin Hair Cream really *controls* your hair without gumming or greasiness . . . and lasts 3 to 4 times as long as other dressings. Obviously it's something rather better than usual. \* 4/- a jar from chemists and hairdressers everywhere.

\* Silvikrin Hair Cream contains Pure Silvikrin, the hair's natural food, to give your hair the life and lustre that come from perfect health.



**Silvikrin**  
**HAIR CREAM**  
(formerly Silvifix)



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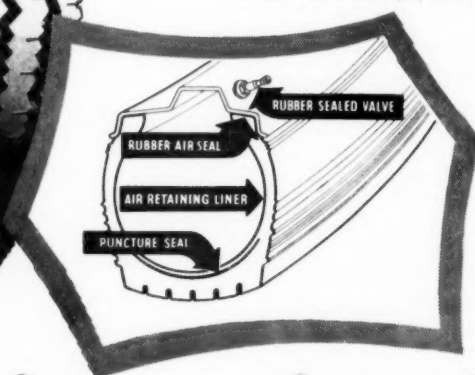
For only a few shillings more!

# DUNLOP TUBELESS



- **RESISTS IMPACT—MAKES  
BURSTS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE!**
- **VIRTUALLY ELIMINATES  
PUNCTURE DELAYS!**
- **OFFERS 100% BETTER  
AIR-RETENTION!**
- **GUARDS AGAINST  
DEFLATION DAMAGE!**

In place of an inner tube the Dunlop Tubeless has a special air-retaining liner—plus puncture-sealing compound beneath the tread! Even when pierced by two-inch nails and cornered under extreme stress, the Tubeless has shown no air loss. The new tyre is readily fitted to all wheels except the wire type. Only a few shillings more than the conventional cover and tube, the Dunlop Tubeless Car Tyre is available now in all popular sizes—in full Gold Seal quality!



Puts paid to puncture trouble!

4H/189